DYNAMITE 1

ARMY OF DARKNESS™ VS HACK/SLASH™

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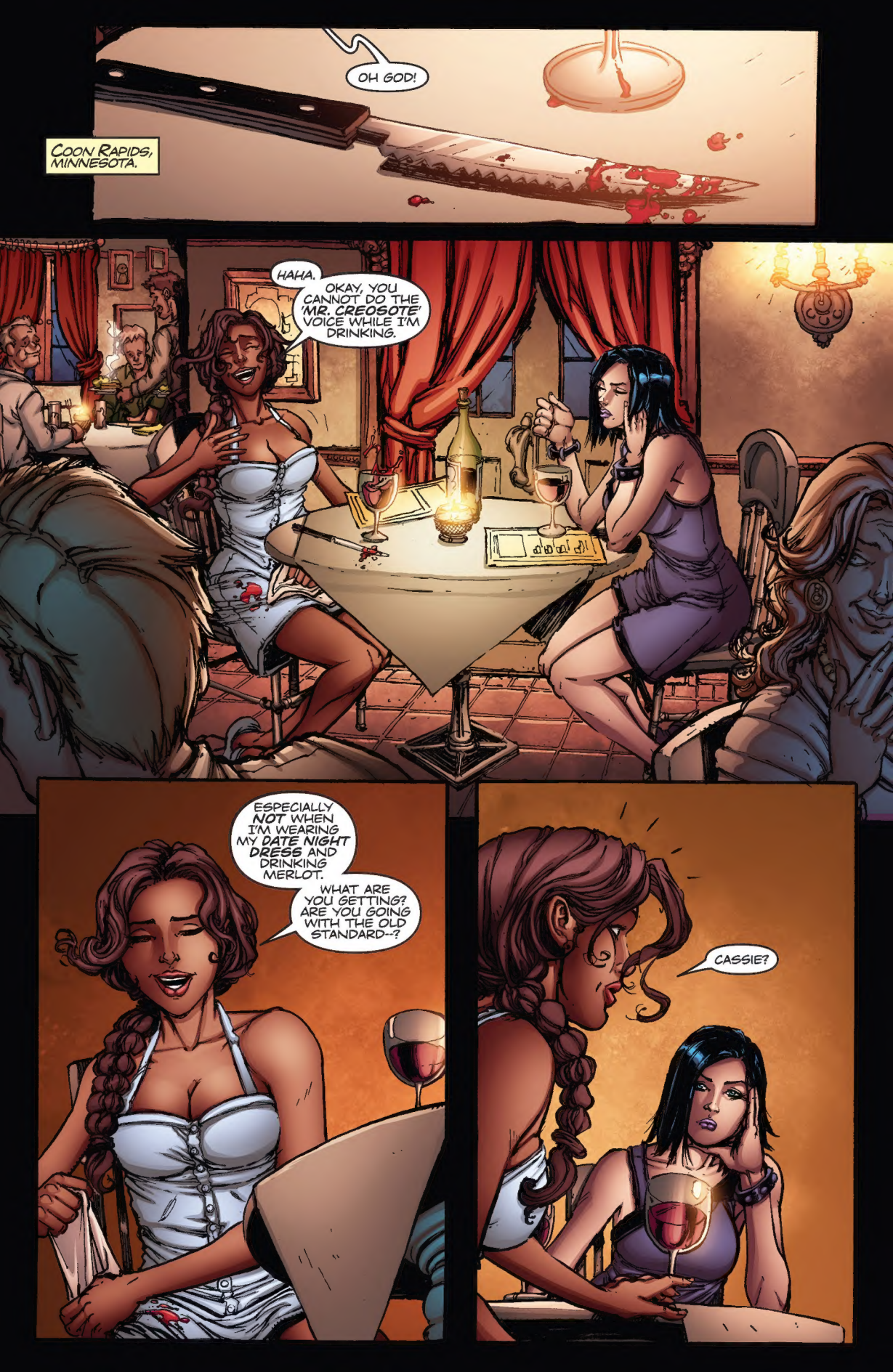
OH GOD!
COON RAPIDS, MINNESOTA.
HAHA.
OKAY, YOU CANNOT DO THE 'MR. CREOSOTE' VOICE WHILE I'M DRINKING.
ESPECIALLY NOT WHEN I'M WEARING MY DATE NIGHT DRESS AND DRINKING MERLOT.
WHAT ARE YOU GETTING? ARE YOU GOING WITH THE OLD STANDARD--?
CASSIE?

VLAD?! VLAD!! NO NO...
YOU HAVE TO STAND UP SO... VLAD?!
VLAD?!
MARGARET...
I WANT TO GO HOME.
BUT, CASSIE... BABY, WE HARDLY EVER GET A FREE NIGHT ANYMORE WITH OUR JOBS, AND SANDRA...
LET'S GET YOU HOME, BABY. HOW DOES A NICE WARM BATH SOUND?
THANK YOU, MARGARET.

I'M...I'M REALLY SORRY I RUINED OUR NIGHT.
YOU DIDN'T RUIN ANYTHING. IT'S JUST GOING TO TAKE SOME TIME.
BESIDES, I'M SURE KRISTIN WILL BE THRILLED TO HAVE THE REST OF THE NIGHT OFF.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TEENAGERS DO FOR FUN IN THIS TOWN, BUT SHE'S ALWAYS EAGER TO DO IT.
I HOPE SANDRA SLEPT FOR HER. SHE IS AT THAT STAGE WHERE--
MARGARET.
PULL OVER. STAY IN THE TRUCK.

AND DON'T COME IN UNTIL I SAY IT'S OKAY.
OH NOT THIS AGAIN. PLEASE NOT THIS AGAIN.
MUHMUH?
MUH! MUH!
SHHHH. MOMMY TWO IS HERE, SANNY.

Crreeerk
JUST STAY HERE, SANNY. BE A GOOD GIRL, AND KEEP QUIET.
BUH?
SO MOMMY CAN MAKE SOME NOISE.
Crijk
YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT.
BOOM SHA-LAKA LAKA--

BOOM.
NOW, JUST CALM YOUR PRETTY HEAD. I'M LOOKIN' FOR SOME ANSWERS, SEE. SO, WHY DON'T YOU AND ME GRAB SOME GAB SO I CAN GET THIS GUN OUTTA YOUR FACE.
LOOK DOWN.
DROP THE GUN, OR I'LL PUT ONE RIGHT IN THE MOOSE-KNUCKLE.

WOAH WOAH WOAH!
YOU WANNA GET NUTS?
WELL, GET YOUR OWN, CHICKY! NYAH!
MRKOW
CRRNK
THE HELL--?!
EH? EHH?

KRK
WUF!
AAAOW
CRNCH
HEY NOW--!
JEEZ! YOU'RE SO... MEAN!
LOOK, I WASN'T EXPECTING A NICE "HOW-DO-YA-DO," HERE, BUT YA GOTTA BELIEVE ME--

WHAA--UP!
CRRSH
BUT MOMMY, IT'S SATURDAY...
MY GODDAMN ANGELS!
HEY, YOU DON'T WANNA BREAK YOUR TOYS, YOU OUGHTA GET OUTTA THE GAME, SUGAR LUMPS!
WOOF!
YOU BREAK INTO OUR HOME, THREATEN OUR BABY...
THEN YOU MESS UP CASSIE'S "HEAVEN'S LITTLE HELPERS" COLLECTION.

MUH?
S'ALRIGHT, SANNY. MOMMA ONE'S JUST MAKING SURE THIS OLD MAN KNOWS HE'S ABOUT TO GET A-WHUPPED ON.
OLD MAN?!
I TOLD YOU TO STAY IN THE TRUCK.
YEAH? AND SINCE WHEN HAS THAT BEEN HOW THIS WORKS?
CRAP.
THE METAL HAND. I JUST REALIZED...I KNOW WHO THIS IS, MARGARET.
YOUR, UH, 'ANGEL PLASTIC SURGEON' IS MISSING HIS HEAD. HERE.
THIS ONE-HANDED OWNER OF THE OLDSMOBILE DOWN THE STREET WITH MACHETE MARKS ON THE RIGHT WHEEL WELL IS....
MONTH
ASHLEY J. WILLIAMS. S-MART EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH, JANUARY 1999. HOUSEWARES.

"A FEW YEARS AGO NOW, I FOUND A BOOK. BUT IT WASN'T SOME THRIFT STORE BODICE-RIPPER, BABY. NO, IT WAS NECRONOMICON EX MORTIS. THE BOOK OF THE DEAD.
"IT TOOK CONTROL OF MY GIRL, GOT IN MY HAND, AND THEN IT SENT ME BACK IN TIME. YEAH, I TOOK IT PERSONALLY.
"EVER SINCE I GOT BACK, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIND IT, AND STOP THE SPREAD OF ITS ANCIENT EVIL. I'VE BEEN SPENDING MY VACATION DAYS TAKING ON ALL MANNER OF WINDOW-LICKIN' FREAKS.
"BECOME A BIT OF A LEGEND IN SOME CIRCLES. AND BEING THAT YOU KNEW WHO I WAS, I'M GUESSING YOU AIN'T A SQUARE."

"CASSIE HACK. THE SERIAL KILLER KILLER.
"THE DAUGHTER OF DELILAH HACK, THE NOTORIOUS KILLER 'LUNCH LADY.'
"AFTER YOU PUT MOMMY BACK IN THE GROUND, YOU TOOK YOUR SHOW ON THE ROAD, DELIVERING YOUR SLASHER-BASHER EXPERTISE STRAIGHT TO ANY KILL-CRAZY CREEP WHO NEEDED A SECOND OR A THIRD DEATH."

YEAH, I HEARD ABOUT YOU. DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE INTO--UH...
WOMEN?
HUH? NO... HUMMEL STATUES OR WHATEVER THEY ARE. CUH-REEPY.
I'M GLAD EVERYONE'S A FAN OF EACH OTHER'S WORK, BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL YOU'RE DOING IN MY HOUSE.
I WAS FOLLOWING A PAPER TRAIL--
WHOEVER'S GOT THE BOOK NOW HAS BEEN SELLING PAGES. MOSTLY RICH, ECCENTRIC TYPE BUYERS. I TRIED TO INTERCEPT A SALE AT A HOTEL, BUT UH, WELL...
YOU WENT TO THE WRONG HOTEL.
HEY, SOMETIMES THERE'S MORE THAN ONE BEST WESTERN IN A TOWN, ALL RIGHT?
ANYWAY, ONCE I GOT TO THE RIGHT HOTEL, I NOTICED THERE WAS CRAP CELL RECEPTION AND NO WI-FI. SO, I USED MY EXCEPTIONAL INTELLECT AND CHECKED THE COMPUTER IN THE BUSINESS CENTER.
THE SAME PERSON WHO HAD LOOKED UP "PROTECTIVE PAGE SLEEVES" HAD ALSO LOOKED UP DIRECTIONS TO THIS HOUSE.
SEE? BRAAAAAAINS.
KRISTIN.

HONEY. DID YOU SEE KRISTIN WHEN YOU CAME IN?
OH... NO. IN THE CHAOS, I FORGOT...
SHH! DO...DO YOU HEAR THAT?
ASH, DID YOU SEE A YOUNG GIRL, OUR BABYSITTER...?
COME TO THINK OF IT, I THOUGHT IT WAS A LITTLE WEIRD THAT YOU LEFT THE POOP-FACTORY BY ITSELF--
HEARD YOU CALLING ME. CALLING. CALLING.
HERE.
YEAH. GONNA NEED THAT.
WHAT'S GOING ON, CASS?
BABY, THIS TIME? YOU STAY.
HAPPY HOME

DON'T LIKE GOING IN THE BASEMENT WHEN I'M BY MYSELF...
BUT YOUR VOICE SOUNDED SO SWEET
KRISTIN?
SO SWEET.
SLRP
TASTES SWEET...
CRRNCH
YUMMY.
SLRRRP
HEY! BRITTANY OR ALYSSA OR WHATEVER!
HOW ABOUT YOU TELL ME YOU'RE GONNA SWALLOW MY SOUL SO WE CAN GET THIS OVER WITH?
JESUS...

HRRRAAAA!

HRRECH!!
GUH!
HNGH.
BABY, YOU GOT A REAL BUTTER FACE!
GIVE ME YOUR SKIN!
NUH-UH!
BOOM
BLUH!
GORE GRAVY!
HRRRAA!!

RRRAAGH!
KTTCHEEK
WOK
WHY YOU LITTLE--!
COME HERE! COME GET YOUR SPANKINGS!
NO! NOT THE-- AGGHGK!
WUNCH KRAK
GLORF!
RRAH!
SPLUTCH

SLCH
VNNNN
HRRAAAGH!
YEAH! THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WAS GONNA DO!
VNNN
YEP, AND THEN I WAS GONNA-- YOU READ MY MIND!
HRRAAAGHHHH!
VNHHH
GHA!
SPLOOSH
YEEHAW!

WOOF!
HRRA!
SPLUT
THEY'RE GOING TO GET YOU! THEY'LL HAVE THEIR REVENGE!!
THEY'LL--
BAKOOM
SPLUT
SPLUK
I UH-- I'LL GO GET THE CHAINSAW.

SOON.
JESUS, CASSIE, WE JUST SETTLED DOWN. WE JUST STARTED A LIFE TOGETHER.
MARGARET, I NEED YOU TO TAKE SANDRA AND DRIVE. DON'T STOP UNTIL YOU HIT NEW JERSEY.
DAISY AND ANJELICA ARE GOING TO TAKE YOU IN.
WHA-- WHAT?!
IT'S TOO DANGEROUS FOR US TO BE TOGETHER. I CAN'T LET ANYONE HURT YOU OR SANDRA.
WHERE... WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
WITH HIM. WHOEVER IS SELLING PAGES FROM THE BOOK ALSO SACRIFICED KRISTIN...TURNED HER INTO THAT THING AND SENT IT AFTER ME.
NOW, I NEED YOU TO GET WHATEVER YOU NEED OUT OF THE HOUSE, SO I CAN BURN IT DOWN.

LATER.
THAT OUGHTA COOK ANY EVIDENCE.
LET'S ROLL BEFORE THE FIREMEN GET HERE.
HACK. WAIT.
I UH-- I HEARD ABOUT YOUR BUDDY. IGOR OR SLASH OR...WELL, YOU SHOULD KNOW-- I'M NOT EXACTLY-- PARTNER MATERIAL, ALL RIGHT?
DON'T FLATTER YOURSELF. AND HIS NAME WAS VLAD.
THEN IT'S SETTLED. WE'RE TWO LONE WOLVES...
A PAIR A' ROGUE ELEPHANTS UNITED ON A QUEST--
ASH! SHUT. THE. @#$&. UP.
TO BE CONTINUED...

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Now.
MY NAME IS ASH.
THAT'S ME THERE, ABOUT TO GET 'MAN-WICHED' BY A PAIR OF ENTHUSIASTIC, NAKED DEADITES, DESPITE THE FACT THAT I SMELL LIKE DAY OLD DISHWATER.
AND WHOM DO I HAVE TO BLAME FOR THIS UNSAVORY PREDICAMENT?
DEAD END

CASSIE HACK.
THEN.
NAPOLEON MOTEL. WATERLOO, OHIO.
SHOTGUN SHELLS
OIL
JESUS, MAN. COURTESY FLUSH. AGAIN.
WELL, EXCUUUUUSE, ME SISTER!
NOT EVEN THE CHOSEN ONE'S CONSTITUTION WAS PREPARED FOR WHAT YOU CALL 'FOOD' ON THE ROAD, ALL RIGHT?
WHY I EVER THOUGHT AN ALL-NIGHT BOWLING ALLEY BUFFET WAS A GOOD IDEA, I'LL NEVER KNOW.
ST. LOUIS DAILY REGISTER
YOU FIND ANYTHING IN THOSE NEWSPAPERS?
KISS IT TOO!
SEE, HACK HAD THIS PLAN TO TRACK DOWN THE TURD IN THE PUNCH BOWL WHO WAS SELLING PAGES FROM THE NECRONOMICON EX MORTIS.
SHE PUT HER HOUSE, AND THE LOCATION OF PAGE SALES, ON A MAP. THEN WE GOT NEWSPAPERS FROM EVERY CITY THAT COULD FIT INTO ANY SORT OF PATH, AND LOOKED FOR ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS.
THE KINDA THING THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY A KANDARIAN DEMON TOME...

I GOT IT. CHICKEN LEGS--!
LUH--LUH LEGS...
I MAY BE KING, BUT IT'D BEEN A WHILE SINCE I'D HAD MY CROWN POLISHED, SO SAVE YOUR JUDGMENT FOR SOMEONE DOING THE BAD BOOGEY ON THE REG.
ASH?
AND DON'T LET THAT OVERSHADOW THE MOMENT OF ABSOLUTE CLEAR-HEADED GENIUS ABOUT TO COME...
BAD BOOGEY. BAD...

BAD ASH!
WHAT, DID YOU PEE ON THE FLOOR?
LISTEN UP. SEE, THERE'S THIS FELLA IN SAINT LOUIS, WHICH IS ON OUR MAP AS A POSSIBLE PATH, BY THE BY. GUY'S NAME IS BANERJEE...
HE RUNS THIS BIG NON-PROFIT THAT ASSISTS KIDS IN WAR TORN AREAS...REFUGEES AND SUCH. REAL STAND UP CITIZEN. TOTAL SAINT. NOT SO MUCH AS A PARKING TICKET.
ALL OF A SUDDEN, LAST WEEK BANERJEE KILLS HIS ACCOUNTANT. NOT JUST YOUR REGULAR OLD STABBING EITHER.
WE'RE TALKING ABOUT A BIG FAT NASTY MURDER WHERE THE KILLER IS HUMPING AN EMPTY EYE SOCKET WHEN THE COPS SHOW UP.
NOW, ONE OF THE SPELLS IN THE NECRONOMICON SUMMONS A DEMON TO POSSESS SOMEONE'S REFLECTION; MAKING A DOUBLE, SEE?
DEVIL-MONKEYS CAN'T STAY OUT OF THIS SVELTE BOD... DONE ME A COUPLE TIMES.
SO, I CAN SAY WITH SOME AUTHORITY, THAT I'M A BIT OF AN EXPERT ON EVIL CLONES WITH MURDEROUS INTENTIONS...
AND I'VE SEEN THE LOOK IN THOSE EYES BEFORE.

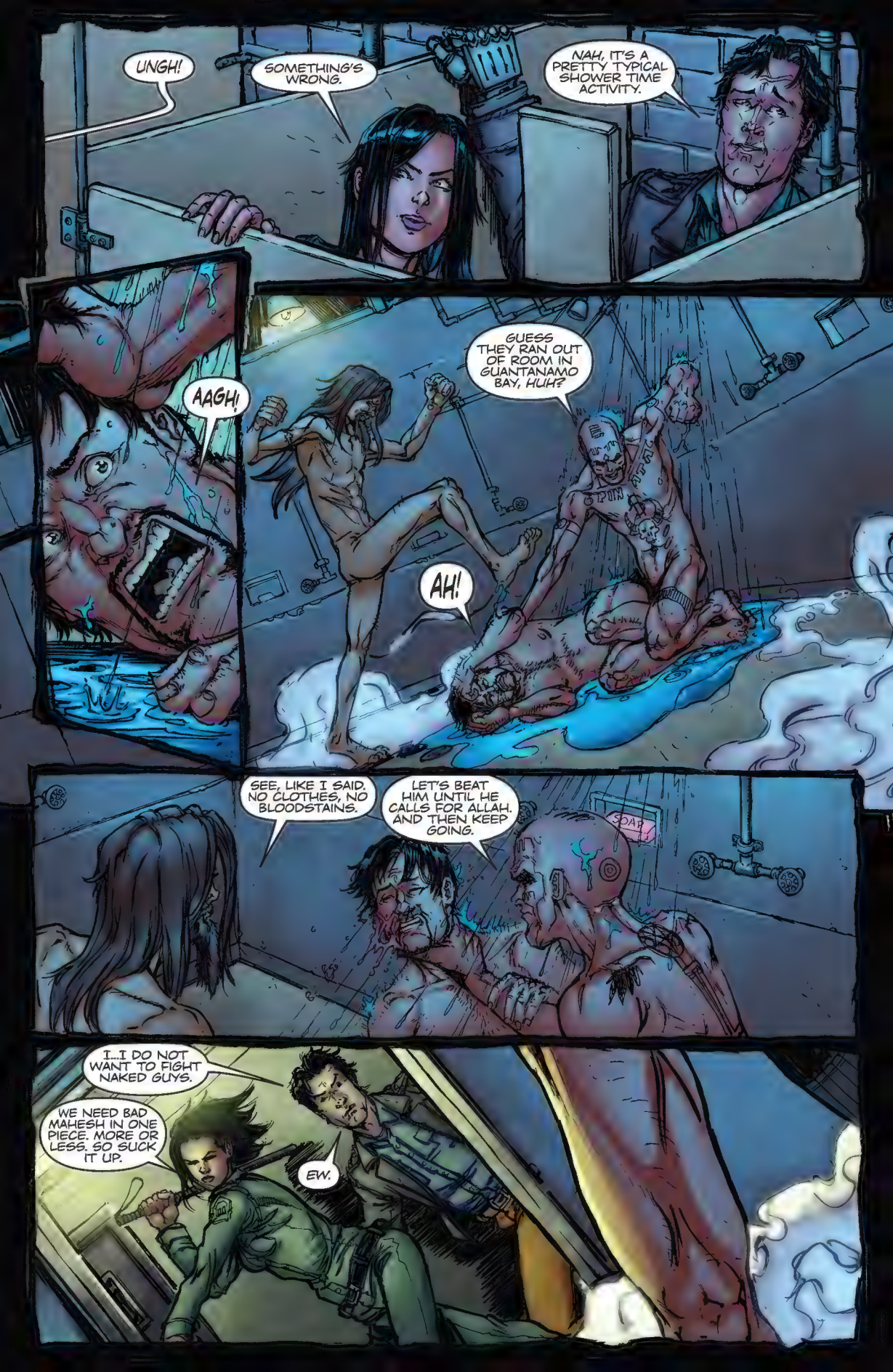
OH, ASH, YOU'RE SUCH A GENIUS. LET ME GIVE YOU SOME SUGAR.
YEAH, THAT'S HOW SHE SHOULDA REACTED...
HOW SHE ACTUALLY REACTED WAS...
THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA.
AND THAT'S HOW I ENDED UP CURSING THE DAY I EVER DECIDED TO TAKE LINDA CAMPING IN THE WOODS AS I CRAWLED THROUGH A PRISON SEWER PIPE.
A MOVE HACK DUBBED THE "REVERSE SHAWSHANK."
NOW I HAD TO WAIT FOR HACK.

FOR HER PART OF THE PLAN, SHE WAS GONNA...
WELL, SHE WAS GONNA...
SOMETHING ABOUT CONJUGAL VISITS AND, I DUNNO...
LOOK, MAYBE I DIDN'T HEAR EVERYTHING SHE SAID.
SHE WAS GOING ON AND ON, AND I MAYBE COULDN'T GET MY BRAIN OFF THOSE HIGH GYM SOCK THINGS...
BUT I GOT THE IMPORTANT PARTS. "WEST YARD STORM DRAIN," SHE SAID.
"DON'T CROSS INTO THE REGULAR SEWER UNLESS YOU WANNA SWIM IN POOP SOUP," SHE SAID. YEAH, I LISTENED. BASICALLY.
ASH...

THE GUARD SAID THEY HAD TO MOVE BANERJEE OUT OF GENERAL POPULATION.
I GUESS THE AVERAGE WHITE SUPREMACIST CAN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN INDIAN AND "ONE A NEM MUZLUM TERR'ISTS..."
HE HAS PRIVATE SHOWER TIME, WHICH IS PERFECT. ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS WAIT OUT OF SIGHT FOR A FEW HOURS AND--
YEAH YEAH YEAH.
IS THERE A PROBLEM, WILLIAMS?
YEAH, THERE'S A PROBLEM. YOU'RE STANDING THERE IN A NICE DRY UNIFORM, AND HERE I AM PRUNY WITH GARBAGE JUICE.
I'M STARTING TO THINK I DON'T MUCH LIKE THE DIVISION OF LABOR IN THIS "PARTNERSHIP."
MAYBE THIS IS HOW YOU'RE USED TO DOING THINGS...
BUT I AIN'T YER *HUNCHBACKED MUTANT* SLAVE.

KRAK
RIGHT THEN I SHOULD MAYBE HAVE APOLOGIZED.
YEAH, I HAD A WET CIGARETTE BUTT NESTING IN MY ASSCRACK, AND MY HIGHLY DISTINCTIVE CHIN WAS STINGING. BUT I COULDA BEEN THE BIGGER MAN, AND ADMITTED I'D GONE TOO FAR.
THOUGH, TRUTH BE TOLD, THE ONLY THING I COULD THINK WAS THAT SHE REMINDED ME A LITTLE OF AN EX-GIRLFRIEND BY THE NAME OF SHEILA.

SO JUST LIKE SOME LOSER TOLD HACK BEFORE HIS NAP, BANERJEE WAS SET UP FOR A LATE NIGHT SOLO.
SHOWER ROOM
AND NONE TOO SOON, CUZ THE COLD SHOULDER WAS TURNING THAT BATHROOM STALL INTO A MEAT LOCKER.
SHOWER
MEANWHILE, A NONE TOO SCRUPULOUS GUARD WAS TAKING A LITTLE BRIBE...
TO MAKE SURE BAD MAHESH...
HAD A FRIEND TO WASH HIS BACK.


UNGH!
SOMETHING'S WRONG.
NAH, IT'S A PRETTY TYPICAL SHOWER TIME ACTIVITY.
AAGH!
GUESS THEY RAN OUT OF ROOM IN GUANTANAMO BAY, HUH?
AH!
SEE, LIKE I SAID. NO CLOTHES, NO BLOODSTAINS.
LET'S BEAT HIM UNTIL HE CALLS FOR ALLAH. AND THEN KEEP GOING.
SOAP
I...I DO NOT WANT TO FIGHT NAKED GUYS.
WE NEED BAD MAHESH IN ONE PIECE. MORE OR LESS. SO SUCK IT UP.
EW.

WUK
JEEZ, IT'S NOT THAT COLD IN HERE...
HE'S LIKE A NAKED, RACIST LAWN GNOME!
:HUNGK: KOFF KOFF...
KJRRECH.
KUUH. HUH.
HA HA HA.
ALRIGHT, BAD MAHESH, WHAT'D YA DO WITH GOOD MAHESH?
HE'S READING SOMETHING--
...CHAH TU GLO WAH...
SPELL!!

YEAH. RIGHT IN THE CLOACA!
AND THIS IS RIGHT ABOUT WHERE WE CAME IN.
PIN
ME TRYING TO AVOID GETTING TOUCHED BY THE BELL-ENDS OF A PAIR OF DEAD OL' BOYS, WHILE BLAMING HACK FOR MY SITUATION.
BUT THE TRUTH IS, I'D BE DOING THIS WITHOUT HER. ALONE. MAYBE A FEW STEPS BEHIND SURE, BUT I'D HAVE FOUND MAHESH EVENTUALLY.
SEE, THAT BOOK DONE ME WRONG. KILLED MY GIRL. TOOK MY HAND. TOOK MY LIFE. I COULDA BEEN SOMETHING. LIKE A "REAL WORLD SOMETHING" INSTEAD OF A GUY PROPHESIZED TO DESTROY AN ARMY OF DARKNESS.
REGIONAL MANAGER EVEN.

HACK!
OH...SHIT.
TRADE YA!
WUH?
WAY I FIGURE, THAT BOOK AND ME GOT A LONG WAY TO GO BEFORE WE'RE SQUARE.
A REAL LONG WAY.
FRRRZZZAAAAAKLL

LATER.
YEARS OF TANGLING WITH THE KINDA CREEPS WE SPECIALIZE IN MAKES BOTH OF US REAL GOOD AT THE SNEAKY-SNEAKS. WE GOT OUT OF THERE RIGHT QUICK, BUT NOT EMPTY HANDED...
ME?
I GOT A PAGE OF THE BOOK AND A NEW 'DO.
AND HACK PICKED HERSELF UP A LITTLE SOUVENIR.
BLURF GRUGH
PLACE FOR YOU IN THE DEEPEST...
MY BRETHREN CALL YOUR NAME. THEY WAIT FOR YOU, CASSIE HACK...
YEAH YEAH. YOU'RE JUST LUCKY WE NEED YOU TO TALK LATER.
BUT, HEY, WE'RE NOT SELFISH. WE LEFT THE PRISON GUARDS A SURPRISE TOO.

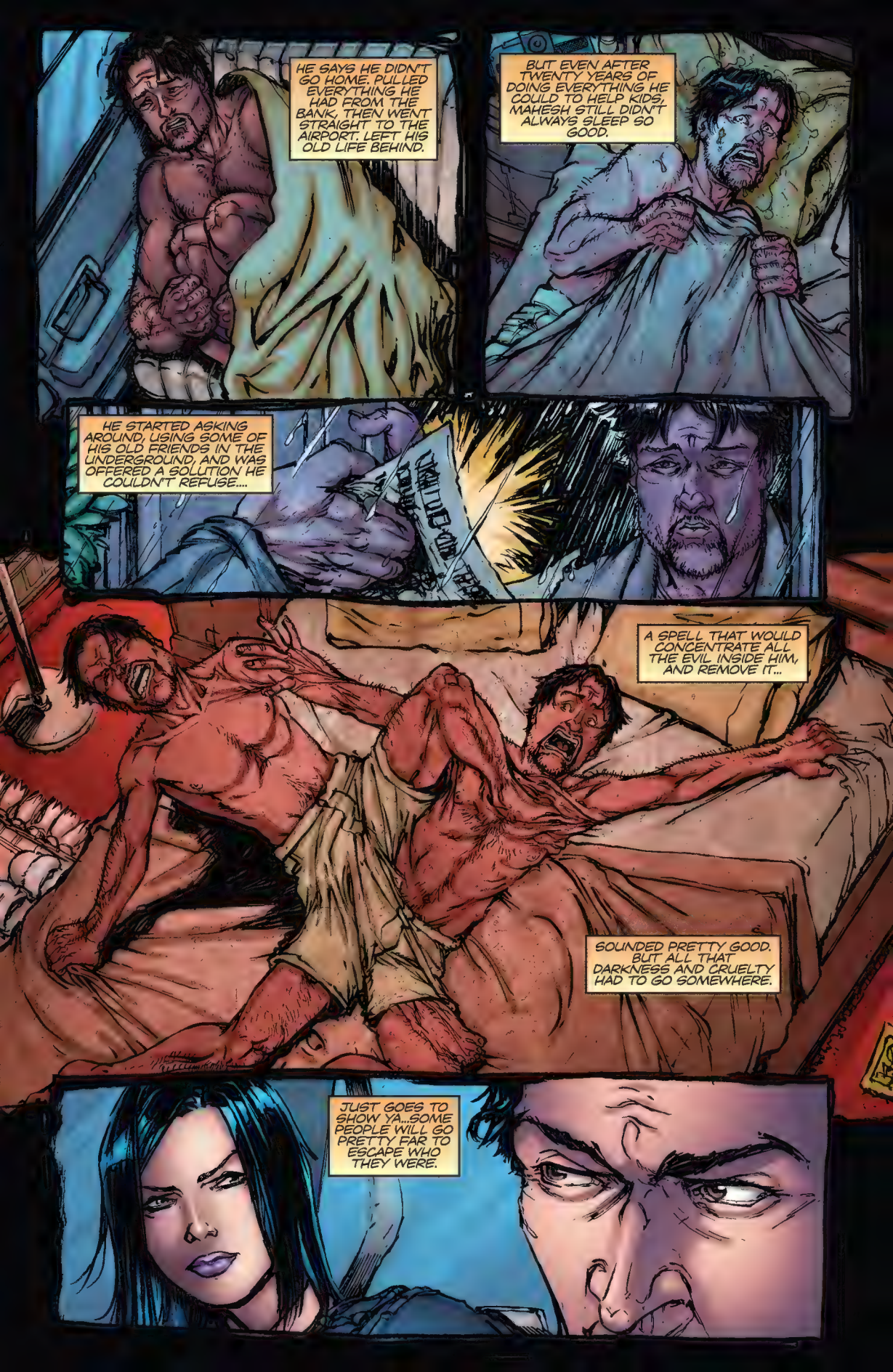
HACK WANTS TO GRILL BAD MAHESH AS TO THE LOCATION OF GOOD MAHESH.
DINER
OPEN
AND I DO MEAN THAT LITERALLY.
BY THE PROFANE WILL OF THE DARK ONES, I WILL TELL YOU NOTHING, WHORE!!
TSSS
AAIGH!!
I'D LIKE TO SAY IT RUINS MY APPETITE, HOW LONG IT TAKES HER TO GET HIM TO SPILL...BUT, DAMN I MAKE A MEAN CHILI-CHEESE BURGER.
I EXPLAIN TO HACK ABOUT MY PREVIOUS DEALINGS WITH ONE OF THESE GUYS, AND HOW THEY DON'T LIKE TO STAY BURIED.
SO WE FIND A CONSTRUCTION SITE. THEY'LL BE POURING CONCRETE IN THE MORNING.
FOUNDATIONS NEXT TO THE RIVER LIKE THIS? YEAH, THEY'RE REAL DEEP.

WE FOLLOW THE SCREAMING HEAD'S DIRECTIONS TO A SHACK OUTSIDE OF TOWN.
WE DON'T SAY MUCH DURING THE DRIVE OUT. HACK DOESN'T MENTION THE COMMENT ABOUT HER OLD PARTNER, VLAD, AND I DON'T POINT OUT THE SPLIT LIP.
ASSIT TOO!
HUH... HELLO?
HELLO?! IS...IS SOMEONE THERE?!
BE-- BE CAREFUL!
BEWARE OF THE DOGS!

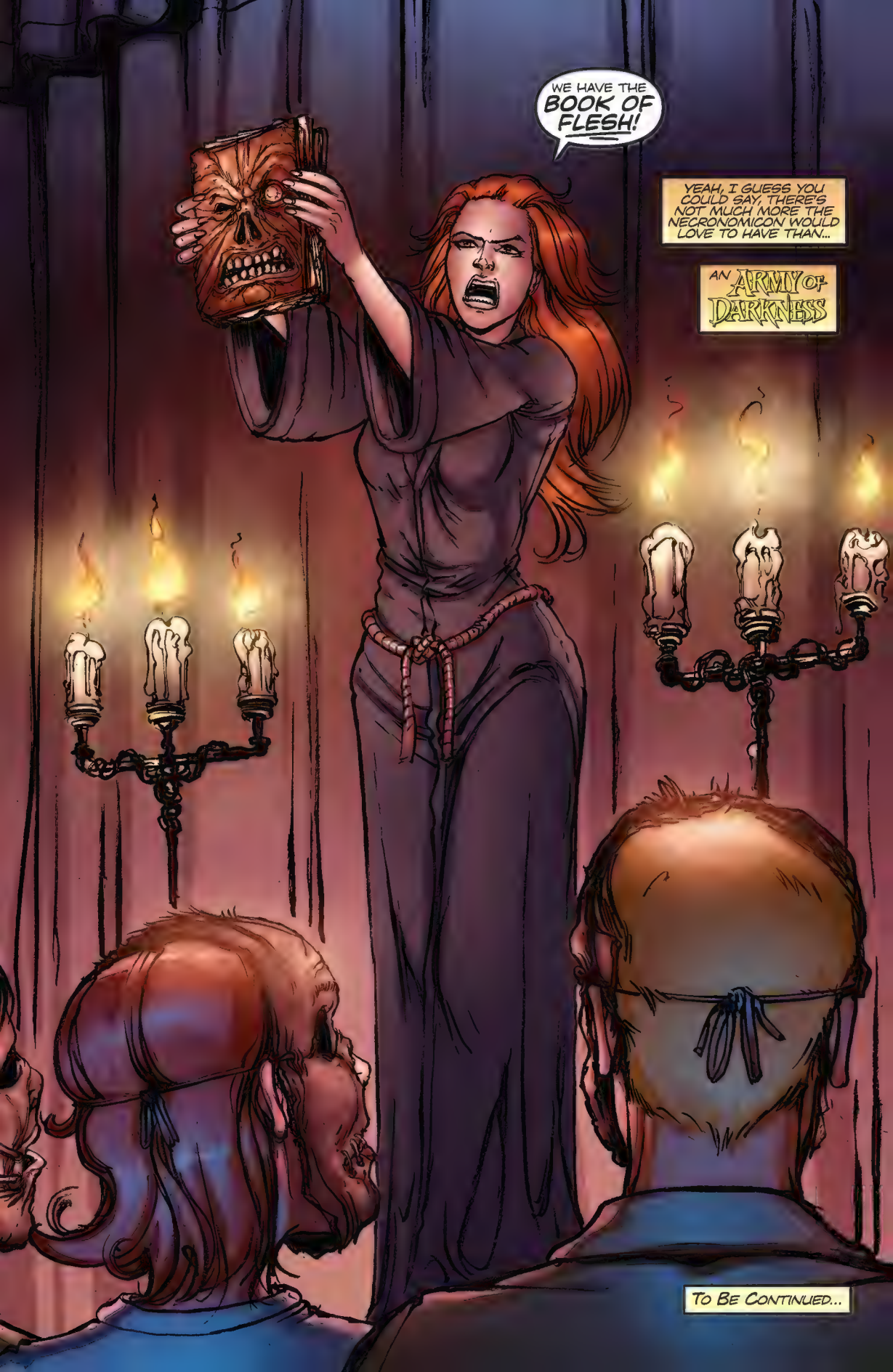
WHEN HACK AND I ARE WORKING, WE'RE LIKE THOSE OLD MARRIED COUPLES YOU SEE AT A RESTAURANT.
NOTHING NEEDS TO BE SAID. NO THOUGHT. JUST ACTION.
EXCEPT INSTEAD OF SHOVELING SALISBURY STEAK AND GREEN BEANS INTO OUR FACES WHILE STARING OUT AT THE SCENIC WAL-MART PARKING...
RRRNNN
RRRNNN
WE'RE SERVING UP EVIL DEAD DESTRUCTION WITH A SIDE OF LOOKING DAMN GOOD.

AND FOR AS MUCH AS HACK LOST TO THIS LIFE...AS HAPPY AS SHE WAS TO GET AWAY FROM IT...
WELL, I MAY NOT BE THE WORLD'S MOST SENSITIVE GUY...
SPLUT
BUT I THINK SHE MISSED IT.

WE FIND GOOD MAHESH LOCKED IN THE BASEMENT.
BAD MAHESH HAD SUPPLIED HIM WITH ENOUGH FOOD AND WATER TO LAST UNTIL THAT KANDARIAN CRETIN COULD FIGURE OUT A WAY TO PIN THE MURDER ON HIM INSTEAD.
A TARP? SERIOUSLY?
HEY, IF THIS GUY BLOWS, HE MIGHT RUIN MY BABY'S PRISTINE UPHOLSTERY.
POOR GUY'S A MESS. ON THE WAY TO THE HOSPITAL, HE MANAGES TO MUTTER OUT HIS STORY.
ONE DAY, HE'S CHECKING IN ON ONE OF HIS SELLERS...SHE HASN'T MADE A PAYMENT IN AWHILE. HE FINDS OUT SHE'S BEEN GETTING HIGH ON HIS SUPPLY, INSTEAD OF SELLING. SO HE AND THE BOYS GO TO FIND WHAT'S LEFT...
BUT WHAT HE FINDS INSTEAD...WELL, SEEMS THIS LADY HAD A KID. 15 MONTHS OLD. AND I GUESS SHE JUST GOT SO HIGH, SHE FORGOT ABOUT HIM.
MAHESH WASN'T ALWAYS SUCH A GOODIE-GOOD. A COUPLE DECADES AGO, HE WAS A BIG PLAYER IN THE GOLDEN TRIANGLE HEROIN TRADE. MADE BEAUCOUP RUPEES SELLING THE JUNK IN BANGALORE.


HE SAYS HE DIDN'T GO HOME. PULLED EVERYTHING HE HAD FROM THE BANK, THEN WENT STRAIGHT TO THE AIRPORT. LEFT HIS OLD LIFE BEHIND.
BUT EVEN AFTER TWENTY YEARS OF DOING EVERYTHING HE COULD TO HELP KIDS, MAHESH STILL DIDN'T ALWAYS SLEEP SO GOOD.
HE STARTED ASKING AROUND, USING SOME OF HIS OLD FRIENDS IN THE UNDERGROUND, AND WAS OFFERED A SOLUTION HE COULDN'T REFUSE....
A SPELL THAT WOULD CONCENTRATE ALL THE EVIL INSIDE HIM, AND REMOVE IT...
SOUNDED PRETTY GOOD. BUT ALL THAT DARKNESS AND CRUELTY HAD TO GO SOMEWHERE.
JUST GOES TO SHOW YA...SOME PEOPLE WILL GO PRETTY FAR TO ESCAPE WHO THEY WERE.

BEFORE WE DROP MAHESH OFF AT THE ER, AND FLEE INTO THE NIGHT...
MEETING
MIDNIGHT
A PLEASURE TO SEE YOU, SISTER CILENTO.
HE TELLS US WHAT HE FOUND OUT ABOUT THE PEOPLE WHO SOLD HIM THE PAGE.
IT SEEMS THERE WAS A CULT, FOLLOWING A SELF PROCLAIMED MESSIAH BY THE NAME OF KHAKI-O, OR...AACKI, OR, WELL I MAYBE DIDN'T CATCH THAT PART...
EXIT
ANYWAY, WHEN HIS PROPHECIES DIDN'T COME TRUE, HIS DISILLUSIONED FOLLOWERS BEGAN LOOKING FOR ANOTHER WAY TO REMAKE THE WORLD IN THEIR IMAGE.
BUT THEY DIDN'T HAVE TO LOOK FAR, BECAUSE THE ARTIFACT THEY WERE LOOKING FOR WAS IN THE MARKET FOR SOME FOLLOWERS OF ITS OWN...
WELCOME MY FRIENDS. ONCE THE LIGHT OF THE BLACK LAMP LIT OUR WAY.
EXIT
BUT NOW WE SEE CLEARLY. FOR WE HAVE NEW EYES. WE HAVE NEW FACES...


WE HAVE THE BOOK OF FLESH!
YEAH, I GUESS YOU COULD SAY, THERE'S NOT MUCH MORE THE NECRONOMICON WOULD LOVE TO HAVE THAN...
AN ARMY OF DARKNESS
TO BE CONTINUED...

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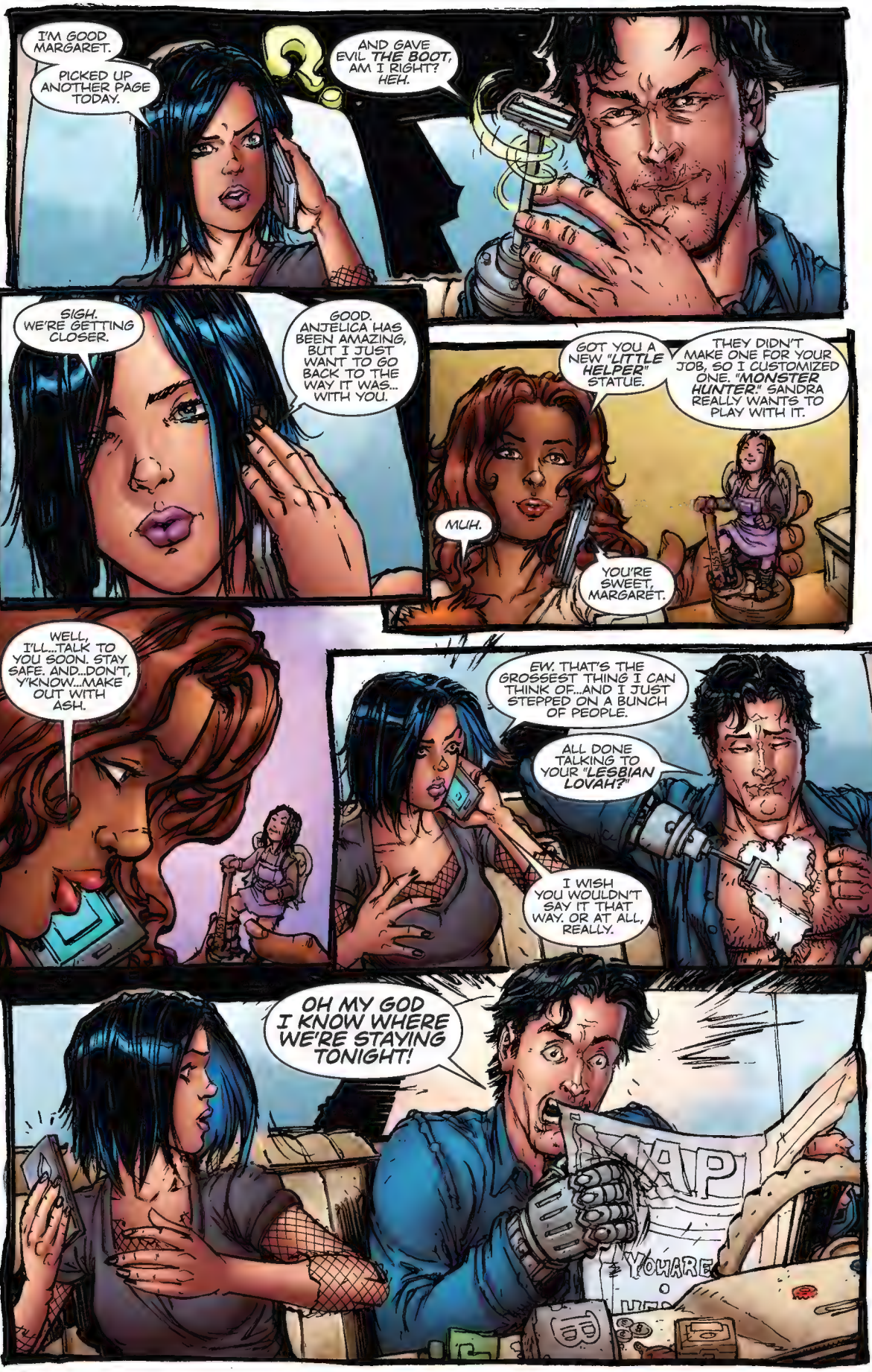
ARLINGTON RIDGE, VIRGINIA.
LAST NIGHT.
COME IN MY DEAR. HE'S WAITING FOR YOU. AND YOUR "CONTRIBUTION" TO THE CHURCH IS APPRECIATED.
MS. CILENTO. SO, WHAT, MEETING UP AT A STEAK N' SHAKE WASN'T COOL AND DRAMATIC ENOUGH FOR YA? I HAD TO GET DINNER ON THE GO.
OH, IT'S NOT A MATTER OF THEATRICS, MR. RAASCH. THIS PARTICULAR PAGE HAS IMMENSE POWERS OF INFLUENCE AND TEMPTATION.
ENCLOSING IT IN A HOLY BOOK, AND GIFTING IT IN A SACRED PLACE DIMINISHES ITS POWER SOMEWHAT, AND ENSURES I WON'T BE TEMPTED TO KEEP IT FOR MYSELF.
HOLY BIBLE
YOU BETTER NOT, FOR WHAT I'M PAYIN'.
HUNH. IT'S SMOKIN'. HOW ABOUT THAT?

ACTUALLY, THAT'S SOMETHING I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT. WE'D LIKE TO OFFER YOUR ORGANIZATION A SUBSTANTIAL DISCOUNT FOR THE PAGE...
IN RETURN FOR ELIMINATING A PAIR OF ANNOYANCES SEEKING TO DISRUPT MY CHURCH WHILE IT'S STILL IN THESE FRAGILE INFANT STAGES.
"A SKINNY GOTH CHICK AND A CHINNY PERVERT? PLEASE.
"THE SEMINARI ONLY HIRES THE BEST OF THE BEST.
"MY PEOPLE ARE LETHAL AS HELL.
"AND THAT'S BEFORE I READ 'EM THE PAGE FROM YOUR BOOK."

WE'LL WIPE 'EM OFF THE PLANET. NICE DOING BUSINESS WITH YA, CILENTO. DEAD SOLDIERS! LET'S ROLL OUT.
ANYBODY UP FOR SUSHI? I'M STILL HUNGRY.
GREENUP COUNTY, KENTUCKY.
FOR SOMEONE WHO'S NEVER BEEN MUCH OF AN ATHLETE, I DO A LOT OF RUNNING.
MY NAME IS CASSIE HACK. THE SERIAL KILLER KILLER. THE FINAL GIRL. THAT MEAN LITTLE BITCH WITH THE BAT. I'VE HEARD THEM ALL.
KEEP THEM TOGETHER!
DRIVE THEM THIS WAY!
THAT'S ASH. "THE CHOSEN ONE." ARROGANT EGO-TARD. I'M SURE HE'S HEARD THEM ALL TOO.
I GOT IT! I GOT IT!!
YA! YA!
VNNNN
ASH AND I ARE TRACKING DOWN PAGES FROM NECRONOMICON EX MORTIS...
THERE WE GO.

THIS PARTICULAR PAGE LEAD US TO AN ASSHAT CONGRESSMAN RUNNING HIS OWN LITTLE EXPERIMENT IN "SELF RELIANCE..." A TINY VILLAGE MADE UP OF MINIATURE CLONES OF HIMSELF.
CREEPY, SURE, BUT NOT EVIL. THAT IS UNTIL THE LITTLE BASTARDS GOT SICK OF ACORNS AND MOUSE MEAT, AND TREATED A LOCAL KID LIKE MOBY DICK.
THAT'S WHEN I HAD TO PUT MY FOOT DOWN.

SOON.
HEY!
NUH UH!
MAYBE YOU DIDN'T OBSERVE PROPER RULES OF ETIQUETTE WHEN YOU WERE HUNTING DOWN AXEFACE JIMMY OR WHATEVER...
YONK
OW.
BUT WHEN YOU RIDE WITH ME, YOU "DE-GORE" FIRST.
I THOUGHT I'D GIVEN ALL THIS UP. BUT WHEN SOMEONE SENT ONE OF THE NECRONOMICON'S DEADITES AFTER MY FAMILY...
BEEP BEEP BEEP
IT DIDN'T TAKE MUCH TO REALIZE I HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO HOP IN THE CAR WITH WILLIAMS AND LINE THAT PERSON UP WITH THE BUSINESS END OF MY BAT.
HEY BABY.
SO, SANDRA WANTED ME TO CALL YOU. YOU KNOW, TO MAKE SURE MOMMY 2 WAS OKAY.
MUH!


I'M GOOD MARGARET.
PICKED UP ANOTHER PAGE TODAY.
AND GAVE EVIL THE BOOT, AM I RIGHT? HEH.
SIGH. WE'RE GETTING CLOSER.
GOOD. ANJELICA HAS BEEN AMAZING, BUT I JUST WANT TO GO BACK TO THE WAY IT WAS... WITH YOU.
GOT YOU A NEW "LITTLE HELPER" STATUE.
THEY DIDN'T MAKE ONE FOR YOUR JOB, SO I CUSTOMIZED ONE. "MONSTER HUNTER." SANDRA REALLY WANTS TO PLAY WITH IT.
MUH.
YOU'RE SWEET, MARGARET.
WELL, I'LL...TALK TO YOU SOON. STAY SAFE. AND...DON'T, Y'KNOW...MAKE OUT WITH ASH.
EW. THAT'S THE GROSSEST THING I CAN THINK OF...AND I JUST STEPPED ON A BUNCH OF PEOPLE.
ALL DONE TALKING TO YOUR "LESBIAN LOVAH?"
I WISH YOU WOULDN'T SAY IT THAT WAY. OR AT ALL, REALLY.
OH MY GOD I KNOW WHERE WE'RE STAYING TONIGHT!
YOU ARE

LATER.
TYGART LAKE, WEST VIRGINIA.
WHHYYYY?!
ELLEN KIDD'S OLD WEST VILLAGE.
WELL, SIR, CUZ IT AIN'T TOURIST SEASON NO MORE. YOU SHOULDA CALLED FIRST.
BUT... OLD WEST.
CLOSED
RIVIERA
BIG 8 MOTEL
I'M SORRY, SIR. YOU'RE STILL WELCOME TO STAY THE NIGHT. REAL QUIET AND CLEAN.
C'MON, DUMBASS.
YOU KIDS CALL ME IF YA NEED ANYTHING. NO ONE ELSE HERE TONIGHT, SO I'M AT YOUR DISPOSAL.
GOOD NIGHT, YA BIG BABY.
YEAH. GOOD NIGHT, HACK.
I STAND THERE SURPRISED FOR A SECOND. I'M NOT SURE IF IT'S BECAUSE IT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE SEEN ASH BE ANYTHING BUT OVERCONFIDENT AND ARROGANT....
THANKS. I'M SURE WE'LL BE FINE.
OR BECAUSE HE DIDN'T EVEN TRY TO TALK HIS WAY INTO MY ROOM.

AND THEN I THINK, MAYBE ALL THAT BRAVADO HIDES A BIG GOOFY KID THAT JUST WANTS TO PLAY COWBOY.
KNOK KNOK
OR NOT.
SIGH. FOR THE LAST TIME, I WILL NOT, "GIVE YOU SUGAR" OF ANY SORT.
ESPECIALLY NOT "BROWN SUGAR."
GHK.
OH.
FOR SOMEONE WHO'S NEVER BEEN MUCH AN ATHLETE, I SPEND A LOT OF TIME GRABBING FOR A BASEBALL BAT.
KISS IT TOO!

HUNGHF!
THE HUNT IS OVER.
NOW, I'LL WEAR YOUR SOFT SKIN!
ANOTHER ONE OF THE BOOK'S "DEADITES": HUMAN BODIES POSSESSED BY KANDARIAN DEMONS.
BUT THIS ONE IS DIFFERENT.

HEY OH! HACK!
MORE ALIVE SOMEHOW.
BAKOOM
SCRATCH THAT.
GOOD THING I CAME BY TO SEE IF YOU NEEDED ANY SUGAR.
IF YOU'RE STILL INTERESTED, LET ME REMIND YOU BROWN IS SWEETER AND--
ASH!
LESS DOUCHE, MORE RUN!
BA-BOOM
"DEAD SOLDIERS TO RAASH."

CONTACT CONFIRMED. PANTHER IS DOWN. SENDING SNAKE AND CHILL-OUT TO CONFIRM TARGET KILL.
DON'T MESS THIS UP, WHITE BOY. I SOLD MY SOUL TO R&D TO GET THIS PROJECT GREEN LIT.
ALL DUE RESPECT, SIR.
IT WAS US WHO SOLD THEIR SOULS.
NO B-BODIES, SIR!
THEY W-WENT OUT TH-THE B-BATHROOM WINDOW AND ARE UNARMED. THEY WENT TH-THAT WAY. INTO TH-THE VILLAGE.
LET'S MAKE LIKE STRANGERS, RIDE INTO TOWN, AND PUT SOME HOLES IN THINGS.

EXIT
YEAH, THAT'S HOW DADDY LIKES IT...
YEAH, LIKE THAT BUT WITH BULLETS.
DROP IT LIKE IT'S HOT.
YA GOT ME DEAD TO RIGHTS, PARDNER...
I DO YA BOTH, I GET DOUBLE PAY. WHERE'S THE GIRL?
ARE YOU FAST ON THE DRAW?
GOOD QUESTION. I GOT ONE FOR YOU.
UHHHH.

SO, NO THEN.
BANG
UK!
BRRAAP
SO THAT'S HOW YA WANNA PLAY...
BRRAAP
BRRAAP
HNGH. BRINGING THE BIG DICK...
--TO A FINGER BANG!
SSSssS.
SSSSWAALLOW-

SLCH
UNIFORMS. GUNS. ORDERS. THESE ARE SOLDIERS.
THAT WAS REAL 'SPUR' OF THE MOMENT, AM I RIGHT?
HSSSS!
SHUT THE--
DUCK.
BRRAAP
BY NOW YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU'RE DEALING WITH ISN'T YOUR NORMAL MANIAC WITH A HOCKEY STICK OR POSSESSED GRANDMOTHER.
WE ARE PROFESSIONALS. SPECIALISTS.
"WE HAVE GUNS.
"WE HAVE TRAINING.
"WE HAVE THE WORLD'S ONLY ARCTIC NINJA COMMANDO.

ARCTIC NINJA?!
THAT'S... THAT'S THE BADASSEST THING I'VE EVER HEARD. WELL, WE'RE DOOMED, THAT'S FOR SURE.
NO. I'VE GOT A FAMILY TO GET HOME TO.
WELL, AT LEAST I GOT TO PLAY COWBOY BEFORE I WAS HACKED UP BY SOMEONE WHO HAS PROBABLY DONE KUNG-FU ON POLAR BEARS.
ASH! I NEED YOU TO GIVE ME THE PAGES FROM THE BOOK.
YESH SHUR, CASHIE.
I'VE GOT A PLAN.
SOON.
..TWO-SHOES CHICKEN SH--
..VIRGIN UNTIL SHE WAS 20.
FEEL MY BLADE, FORGED IN THE FIRE OF HONOR--
AND COOLED IN THE ICY LAKES OF HELL!

SHLKT
DO NOT ROLL ANYWHERE NEAR ME--GET YOUR NOSE OFF MY CHIN!
HEY, I'M TRYING TO CONCENTRATE HERE--
WHAT THE--?
THERE WE GO. YOU READY, BAD CASSIE?
GET YOUR HAND OFF MY ASS, BAD ASH.

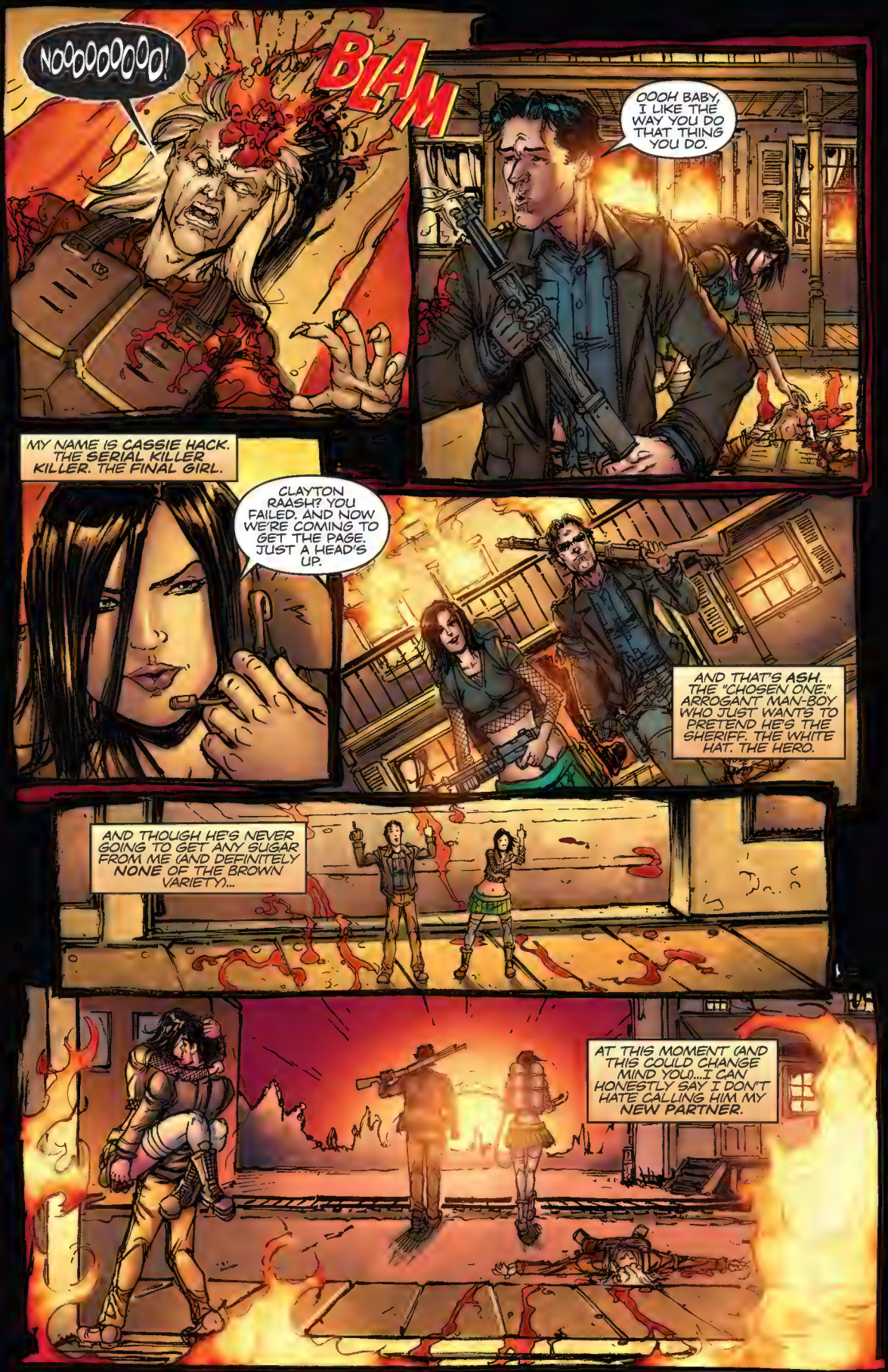
NO!
AIEGH!!
SHHRRPP
STATUS?
SOULS... I CAN S-SMELL THEIR SOULS. DIRTY AND DELICIOUS...
SAY AGAIN, OFFICER?
AHEM. SORRY, SIR. INTERFERENCE. I WAS SAYING--
OFFICIAL STATUS: "PLAYTIME IS OVER."

THAR SHE BLOWS!
GAH!!
PLAYTIME!
PLAYTIME!
SPAAAARTA!
BY THE POWER OF--
REMEMBER THE MALAMUTE!
DEPECHE MOOOODE!
DIEDIEDIE DIEDIEDIE!
PLAYTIME!
PLAYTIME!

DIEDIEDIE DIEDIEDIE!
PLAYTIME STILL!
"TAKE ME HOME TONIGHT" IS AN UNDERRATED TOPHER GRACE FILM!
BLAM BLAM
1866 HENRY RIFLE.
BLAM BLAM
.44 CALIBER RIMFIRE, LEVER-ACTION, BREECH-LOADING BAD BOY.
REPLICA RETAILS ON EBAY FOR ABOUT 200 AMERICAN.
BUT THIS HERE'S NO REPLICA.
THE LITTLE ANGRY THINGS HEADING TOWARDS US THOUGH? THOSE ARE REPLICAS.
DESTROY THE GIANT CLONES!
NO BIGGIES!

GOT IT.
KLK
AAAAH!
FLEE!
SCOOT!
GIDDY UP!! GIDDY--
AIIEEE!
FWOOSH
TELL US WHERE YOU GOT THE PAGE OR...
LET'S BE HONEST, WAY YOU'RE LOOKING...
SKUH-- SCREW Y-YOU.

I WON'T TELL YOOO--
THERE'S NOT MUCH WE CAN DO TO THREATEN YOU AT THIS POINT.
YOU'LL ALL BELONG TO US!!
TWO OF YOU IN THERE. AND ONE OF YOU IS A TALKER.
FOOLISH CREATURES! THEY TRADE ETERNAL TORMENT FOR EARTHLY POWER! BUT WE WILL BURN THEIR FLESH! THERE IS NO BARGAINING WITH US!!
KRSH
YOU, UH, WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO KNOW THE NAME OF THE SOUL WHO MADE THIS DEAL WOULD YOU?
THE FOOL IS NAMED CLAYTON RAASH, SINNER AND LEADER OF THE SEMINARI. FOUL, HEARTLESS MERCENARIES! WE'LL--
YEAH, WE GOT IT, YOGURT FACE. NOW, SMILE.


NOOOOOOOO!
BLAM
OOOH BABY, I LIKE THE WAY YOU DO THAT THING YOU DO.
MY NAME IS CASSIE HACK. THE SERIAL KILLER KILLER. THE FINAL GIRL.
CLAYTON RAASH? YOU FAILED. AND NOW WE'RE COMING TO GET THE PAGE. JUST A HEAD'S UP.
AND THAT'S ASH. THE "CHOSEN ONE." ARROGANT MAN-BOY WHO JUST WANTS TO PRETEND HE'S THE SHERIFF. THE WHITE HAT. THE HERO.
AND THOUGH HE'S NEVER GOING TO GET ANY SUGAR FROM ME (AND DEFINITELY NONE OF THE BROWN VARIETY)...
AT THIS MOMENT (AND THIS COULD CHANGE MIND YOU...I CAN HONESTLY SAY I DON'T HATE CALLING HIM MY NEW PARTNER.

DYNAMITE

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STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT.

OCTOBER, 1692.

The streets shall be empty today, save for the moist dead leaves, flitting to and fro like excited children in the autumn wind...

The town entire shall be rather engaged, flocking to the town center. For there's not a one who would desire to miss this...

The execution of a "witch." That witch being me...**Sarah Toothaker.**

Of course, I have ne'er consorted with a devil, whilst spitting upon a **Bible**, while profaning the **Sabbath.**

No, my true crime is of a much more earthly sort. .

I resisted the advances of one drunken Magistrate, a **Master Benjamin Blackswell**, which in my opinion would make me guilty only of good taste.

In revenge he accused me of **Witchcraft**. I was done in by my tendency to write my most private thoughts into diaries, many of which were deemed heretical, and full of **devilish-opinion**.

It's content though, was perhaps only a small part of my sin. Worse than the words were that I had written them...an unmarried woman.

Though it is truly not the rope that hath killed me, but rather the quill..

CRRRK

I still find myself wishing for a quill, some candles, and a bit of–

Quiet.

SARAH. IT'S OKAY. IT'S–

IT'S OKAY, HONEY. I'VE GOT YOU.

WE'RE GOING TO MAKE EVERYTHING RIGHT.

I'D SAY THAT WENT PRETTY WELL, RIGHT?

TRUCK & TRAVEL PLAZA.

YORK, PENNSYLVANIA.

2:48 PM.

GOT THE PAGE OF THE NECRONOMICON AND CLEANSED THE WORLD OF AN EVIL JARHEAD WHILE WE WERE AT IT...

I GOTTA SAY, WORKING WITH YOU HAS ITS ADVANTAGES. I'M NOT WHATCHA MIGHT CALL A "PLANNER." NOM.

OH, I KNOW. BUT I CAN'T TAKE ALL THE CREDIT ON THIS ONE.

I CALLED IN A LIFELINE...

CAT & DOG

WELL, HELLOOOO THERE.

HERE WE GO.

HI, I'M CAT—

ASH. LIKE WHAT'S LEFT OVER AFTER YOU MAKE A FIRE. HOW ABOUT YOU AND I MAKE LIKE THESE TRUCKERS HERE AND *PARK IN THE REAR?*

TERRITORIAL AND BRAVE POOCH HAS ALREADY CLAIMED THE REAR OF THIS AUTOMOBILE, LARGE CHINNED MAN.

GHAH!!

HEY, CAT.

NAKED MOLE HORSE DEADITE!

THANKS FOR THE HOOK UP ON RAASH. HOPEFULLY THE WORLD CAN STICK TO WORRYING ABOUT DRONES FOR A WHILE AND NOT ZOMBIE MERCENARIES...

FOR CASSIE

NO PROBLEM. HERE'S WHAT ELSE I FOUND.

I WAS LOOKING AT THE MAP YOU MADE, AND OF INTEREST TO THIS AREA IS THAT OVER THE PAST THREE WEEKS, FOUR KIDS HAVE GONE MISSING.

NOW, THE INTERESTING THING IS THAT ALL OF THOSE KIDS ARE RELATED TO A GUY NAME *BENJAMIN BLACKSWELL*, WHO LIVED IN STAMFORD BETWEEN 1644 AND 1701...

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO?

HOW DID YOU--?

OH, I ALWAYS DO GENEALOGIES OF ALL THE VICTIMS I INVESTIGATE. KIND OF A HOBBY.

ANYWAY, IT MAY BE WORTH LOOKING INTO, CONSIDERING THE ORIGIN OF THE NECRONOMICON AND THE PREVALENCE OF WITCH TRIALS IN THE AREA WHEN BLACKSWELL LIVED.

THANKS, CAT.

C'MON, ASH. I'LL EXPLAIN IN THE CAR. NO SHOOTING POOCH.

IT SHOULD NOT *LIIIIVE!*

YOU'RE WELCOME. REMEMBER, THAT'S THE LAST FREEBIE. WE'RE PROFESSIONALS NOW AFTER ALL.

TELL ALL YOUR MONSTER HUNTING FRIENDS!

GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT

7:51 PM.

MANKIND IS JUST A BLOODY STAIN! I STEP BACK, WATCH IT GO!

SWIRL AROUND, DOWN THE DRAIN! NONE OF YOUR GODS CARED! NO ONE SAVED! NO ONE SPARED!

SO, TELL ME AGAIN, WHAT WE JUST DID, UNMARRIED IN THE EYES OF GOD AS WE ARE...

WAS NOT A TRANSGRESSION WORTHY OF PUBLIC WHIPPINGS?

NOPE.

CREEPING RUSTMEAT

FRESH PUTRESCENCE

WHAT A WONDERFUL ERA YOU HAVE BROUGHT ME INTO.

THAT WAS ONE OF YOUR SONGS?

YEAH, THAT WAS OUR BIG HIT. WE PLAYED STADIUMS BECAUSE OF THAT SONG.

ONE DAY, THE TOUR BUS STOPPED AT THIS FLEA MARKET. OUR DRUMMER COLLECTED WEIRD OLD SHIT.

SO, WHILE HE WAS DIGGING THROUGH VINTAGE TOOTHPASTE TUBES, I OPENED UP THIS BOOK.

AND THE FIRST LINE I SEE IS "WHAT OTHERS CALL FAITH AND PIETY I CALL BLINDNESS. WHEN I STARE INTO DARKNESS, THAT IS ALL I SEE."

I THOUGHT, THAT IS SOOOO METAL.

NO LYRIC, NOTHING I HAD EVER WRITTEN HAD BEEN THAT HONEST

I KNEW I HAD TO FIND THE AUTHOR OF THAT DIARY. BECAUSE WITH EVERY PAGE, I FELL MORE IN LOVE...

AND NOTHING WAS GOING TO KEEP YOU FROM ME, SARAH TOOTHAKER.

DID I JINX IT? IS THAT WHAT HAPPENED? "YOU'RE SUCH A GOOD PLANNER, CASSIE!" AND THEN *BOOM!*

WE'RE DRIVING AROUND YUPPIE COUNTRY, HOPING TO BUMP INTO THE NEXT PAGE...

I THINK YOU'RE FRIEND CAT MIGHTA HAD A VISIT FROM THE "SCREWHEAD FAIRY," IS WHAT I'M SAYING.

CAT IS A LOT SMARTER THAN SHE LOOKS OR ACTS. TRUST ME, SHE'S DONE A LOT OF...GOOD.

WAIT; IS SHE ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR GIRLFRIENDS? YOU AND MARGARET GET TOGETHER WITH HER, AND MAKE A LITTLE *REVERSE OREO?*

FOR YOU, ASH.

ALRIGHT, THAT'S IT

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING, YOU IDIOT?

CAN'T TAKE A JOKE. YOU'RE GETTING...

"CRANKY" AGAIN.

SO, WE'RE GONNA LOOSEN UP A LITTLE...

LET OUR *PANTS* DOWN.

OH MY.

FULL MOON TONIGHT, EH LINDA?

WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT FOR?!

C'MON, HACK, ARE YOU TELLING ME YOU'VE SPENT YEARS DRIVING THE BACK ROADS OF THIS COUNTRY...

AND YOU'VE NEVER PARTAKEN IN THE GREAT AMERICAN TRADITION OF *MOONING CARS*?!

C'MON, HACK! ARE YOU CHICKEN?

BAWK BAWK!

ARE YOU SERIOUS?

CALL ME CHICKEN WILL YA.

SO... WHITE.

DUDE, WE JUST GOT TO THIRD BASE WITH A GIRL WITHOUT EVEN TRYING.

HAHA! DID YOU SEE THAT! I DID IT!

I TOTALLY MOON--

GHK!

WHAT THE HELL--?!

#!X

HEY, YOU CAME AT ME WITH YOUR PANTS DOWN!

I WAS UNCONSCIOUS!

NOW I HAVE A FRICKIN' BRUISE ON MY THROAT AND I CAN TASTE YOUR STUPID FACE~!

CASSIE.

SPIT

LOOK!!

HRRREEEECH!

CAT WAS RIGHT.

UH, YEAH. SOOOO...

CAN'T RUN YET.

GOT WOOD

GODDAMN IT. THEN GET THE GEAR AND CATCH UP!

I'LL FOLLOW THE DEADITE!

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

SHH. IT'S A SURPRISE...

THERE'S JUST ONE MORE THING I HAVE TO DO...

MMMM

CLICK

PETER? WHAT'S THIS... I ENJOY OUR BEDROOM GAMES, BUT...

IT'S CLOSE TO THE *WITCHING HOUR*, SARAH. WE'RE ALMOST READY.

THERE'S A PRICE TO BRINGING YOU BACK. A TITHE I HAVE TO PAY FOR YOU.

IT'S A PRICE WORTH PAYING. THE LIVES OF FIVE ANCESTORS FROM THE BLOODLINE OF **BENJAMIN BLACKSWELL**, THE MAN WHO UNJUSTLY **CONDEMNED YOU TO DEATH.**

OH GOD. PLEASE...JUST LET ME GO HOME...

OH NO. NO NO. I DIDN'T ASK YOU TO DO THIS...

I HAVE NO QUARREL WITH CHILDREN. THEIR HERITAGE IS NO SIN.

SUCCULENT VIRGIN SOOOULSSSS—

BAKOOM

ASH!

WE GOOD ON THE WOOD?

VNNN

FLACCID AS GRANNY'S ARM SKIN AND READY TO SAVE THE DAY!

NOW, GIVE ME THE PAGE, MAGICIAN BOY, AND WE'LL TALK ABOUT WHETHER OR NOT YOU NEED TO BE IN ONE PIECE WHILE WE'RE GETTING ALL THESE KIDS HOME TO THEIR PARENTS.

OH GOD. THEY WANT THEIR PAYMENT BEFORE THE WITCHING HOUR! THEY'LL TAKE HER BACK!

HNNH.

NOW NOBODY GO ACCUSING ME OF RESCUING THE BABE BEFORE THE KIDS, ALRIGHT? I JUST NATURALLY WENT TO THE CENTER OF THE CIRCLE IS ALL...

WITH ITS SOFT, AMPLE CURVES AND... MMM...

MM?

AAIIEEEHH!!

MOTHER-
F--

CHNK

HOLY SHIT.

FIVE FOR ONE. ALL THEY WANTED WAS FIVE SOULS FOR HER!

AGHK!

YOU SNEAKY MAGICIAN BASTARD!

FLASH POWDER?!

FWASH

SARAH!!

FLY, BABY, FLY.

I'LL DRAG YOU TO HELLLLL!

HNGH! BUT WE'RE ALREADY IN CONNECTICUT!

OH PETER, I'M SO SCARED...

I'VE GOT YOU. I WON'T LET THEM TAKE YOU.

HONEY, I'M ALREADY TAKEN.

TAKEN TAKEN TAKEN TAKEN.

HAHAHA.

GRRGHK!

YEAH. PAYBACK.

IT NEVER GETS OLD

YESSSS!

WHAT DO YOU SEE MORTAL?

JUST... JUST THE DARKNESS...

VNNNN

NNNN

ANGH!!

PETER... WHY...

WHY AM I...

THIS?

TO BRING YOU BACK, TO GIVE YOU FLESH, AND BLOOD... I HAD TO MAKE YOU ONE OF THEM.

BUT, THEY SAID THEY'D TRADE WE CAN MAKE THIS RIGHT!

OH, YOU'RE GODDAMNED RIGHT YOU CAN.

I DIDN'T WANT THIS, OKAY?!

THIS WASN'T THE SPELL I WANTED.. IT WAS THE ONLY WAY!

UNDO THE SPELL, OR I'LL JUST EMPTY THIS SHOTGUN AND FIGURE IT OUT FROM THERE..

DO IT, PETER.

LET ME BE FREE.

BUT IT'S NOT FAIR! YOU WERE BORN IN THE WRONG TIME! YOU SHOULD HAVE LIVED TODAY! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE HAD TO--

END

DIIIIE!

SVVRRRN

WE ARE DENIIIIED!

WE WILL HAVE YOUR FLESH, ASHLEY WILLIAMS!

AND YOUR MEAGER SOUL, CASSANDRA HACK!

IT WASN'T RIGHT. H-HOW... COULD YOU?

LOOK, BUDDY, IF YOU'VE SEEN ONE DECAPITATED GIRLFRIEND, YOU'VE SEEN 'EM ALL.

I JUST WANTED TO MAKE IT RIGHT. YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DIED, SARAH

YOU SHOULD *NEVER* HAVE *DIED*.

SPEND 24 SUPERSTORE.

BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT.

2:23 AM

IT SMELLS LIKE CORN CHIPS IN HERE.

NOW, JUST REMEMBER TO ASK THE FIRST FAT CASHIER TO CALL THE POLICE FOR YOU.

YOU'LL BE HOME IN NO TIME AND REMEMBER, NO ONE'S GOING TO BELIEVE THE DEMON STUFF, SO GO WITH DRUG DEALERS OR TERRORISTS.

SORRY YOUR GREAT GREAT GRANDPA WAS A DICK. LATER, KIDDIES!

HEY, LIGHTEN UP. "*DAVID LEE ROTH*" BACK THERE IN THE TRUNK WILL LEAD US RIGHT TO THE PEOPLE WE'RE LOOKING FOR.

JUST THINKING...

I WANTED A *DIFFERENT* SPELL, SARAH. BUT THEY WOULDN'T SELL IT TO ME. I WANTED TO OPEN *A DOOR IN TIME*...

PULL OVER...

AW, HACK, COULDN'T YA HAVE DROPPED A DEUCE BACK AT THE GAS STATION?

YOU... YOU WANNA GO MOONING AGAIN?

IT'S KINDA LATE...

SHUT UP.

HEY, HACK... WHAT ABOUT YOUR GIRLFRIEND? YOU GUYS GOT THAT CUTE LITTLE KID—

ELSEWHERE.

YES!

YES, FOR THE GLORY OF THE BOOK OF FLESH!!

SHRRRIIEGH

WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!

THE BOOK.

SHRRRIIEGH

WHAT--
AOW!

WHAT?! WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO SEE, BOOK OF FLESH?!

YES...

A NEW HISTORY... BEGINS.

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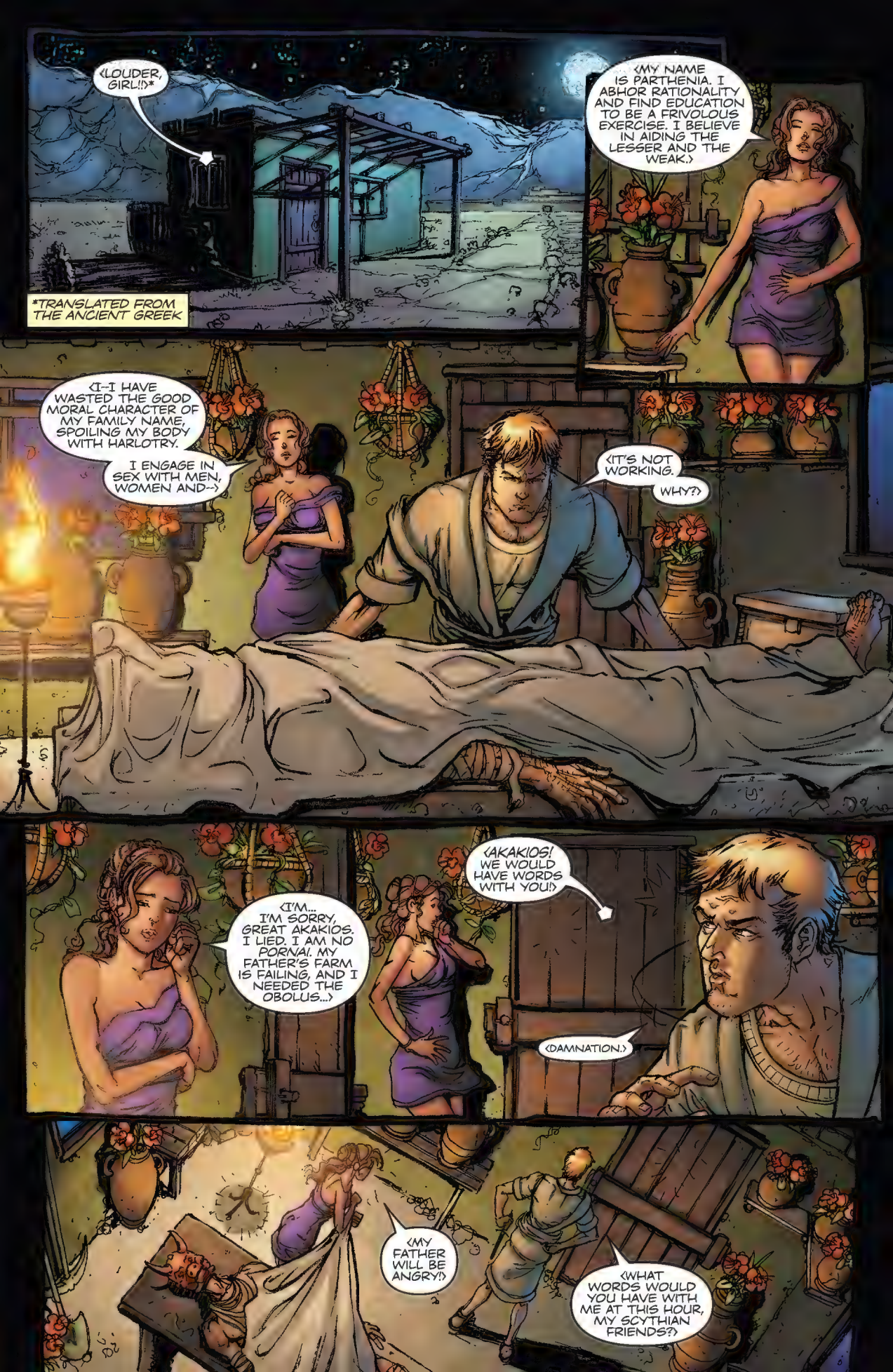
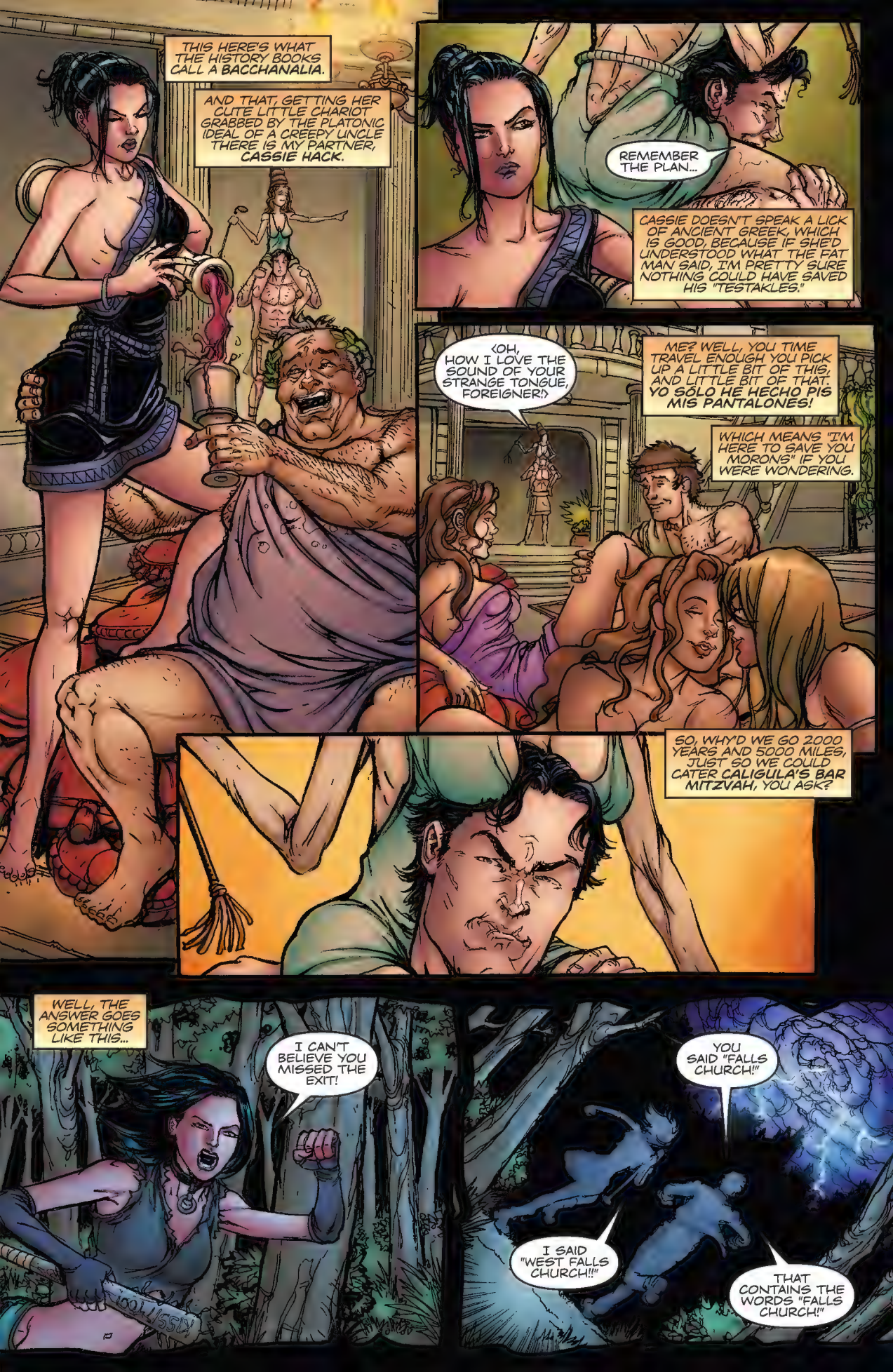

‹LOUDER, GIRL!›*
*TRANSLATED FROM THE ANCIENT GREEK
‹MY NAME IS PARTHENIA. I ABHOR RATIONALITY AND FIND EDUCATION TO BE A FRIVOLOUS EXERCISE. I BELIEVE IN AIDING THE LESSER AND THE WEAK.›
‹I--I HAVE WASTED THE GOOD MORAL CHARACTER OF MY FAMILY NAME, SPOILING MY BODY WITH HARLOTRY.
I ENGAGE IN SEX WITH MEN, WOMEN AND--›
‹IT'S NOT WORKING.
WHY?›
‹I'M... I'M SORRY, GREAT AKAKIOS. I LIED. I AM NO PORNAI. MY FATHER'S FARM IS FAILING, AND I NEEDED THE OBOLUS...›
‹AKAKIOS! WE WOULD HAVE WORDS WITH YOU!›
‹DAMNATION.›
‹MY FATHER WILL BE ANGRY!›
‹WHAT WORDS WOULD YOU HAVE WITH ME AT THIS HOUR, MY SCYTHIAN FRIENDS?›

‹THERE HAS BEEN A THEFT, AKAKIOS. THE KIND OF THEFT ASSOCIATED WITH YOU AND YOUR PARTICULAR VEIN OF SORCERY.›
‹A BODY. BELONGING TO THAT OF CHREMON OF THRACE.
A KILLER OF CHILDREN.›
‹HE WAS A GUEST OF THE BRAZEN BULL THIS MORNING.
SCREAMED FOR FOUR HOURS. PERHAPS YOU'VE HEARD OF HIM?›
‹HM, YES, THE NAME IS FAMILIAR...›
‹BUT WHAT USE TO ME IS AN INANIMATE BODY?›
AA!EE!!
‹A GIRL!›
‹KICK THE DOOR DOWN!›
BLAM
GHK!
BLAM

AAAA!!!GHK!
(PLEASE! HELP ME!)
GHK... (CHRE--) HKK
(RUN. RUN AND NEVER SPEAK OF THIS NIGHT AGAIN.)
BLAM BLAM
HGK!
(W-- WHO...?)
(I'M AN ADMIRER. I KNOW OF YOUR DESIRE TO EXPOSE THE ELITE OF ATHENS AS THE DEBASE INFERIORS THEY ARE...)
(MY NAME IS BRITT CILENTO. AND I'M GOING TO HELP YOU, AKAKIOS OF PANOPOLIS. LITTERATEUR. ALCHEMIST.
KEEPER OF THE BLACK FLAME THAT LIGHTS OUR WAY.)

MY NAME IS ASH.
AND I AM A SLAVE.
WHAPISH
IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING.
NEAR AS I CAN TELL THE YEAR IS 190 BC.
<FASTER FOREIGNER! FASTER!>
AND ALL THESE ANCIENT GREEKS? WELL, THEY CAME TO GET DOWN...
PLLBBLLLLT
<SORRY. THAT'S MINE.>
REAALLL FREAKY LIKE.


THIS HERE'S WHAT THE HISTORY BOOKS CALL A BACCHANALIA.
AND THAT, GETTING HER CUTE LITTLE CHARIOT GRABBED BY THE PLATONIC IDEAL OF A CREEPY UNCLE THERE IS MY PARTNER, CASSIE HACK.
REMEMBER THE PLAN...
CASSIE DOESN'T SPEAK A LICK OF ANCIENT GREEK, WHICH IS GOOD, BECAUSE IF SHE'D UNDERSTOOD WHAT THE FAT MAN SAID, I'M PRETTY SURE NOTHING COULD HAVE SAVED HIS "TESTAKLES."
<OH, HOW I LOVE THE SOUND OF YOUR STRANGE TONGUE, FOREIGNER!>
ME? WELL, YOU TIME TRAVEL ENOUGH YOU PICK UP A LITTLE BIT OF THIS, AND LITTLE BIT OF THAT. YO SÓLO HE HECHO PIS MIS PANTALONES!
WHICH MEANS "I'M HERE TO SAVE YOU MORONS" IF YOU WERE WONDERING.
SO, WHY'D WE GO 2000 YEARS AND 5000 MILES, JUST SO WE COULD CATER CALIGULA'S BAR MITZVAH, YOU ASK?
WELL, THE ANSWER GOES SOMETHING LIKE THIS...
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU MISSED THE EXIT!
YOU SAID "FALLS CHURCH!"
I SAID "WEST FALLS CHURCH!!"
THAT CONTAINS THE WORDS "FALLS CHURCH!"

BESIDES, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO GOT ALL HOT IN THE SHORTS, AND I'M NOT COMPLAINING, BUT THAT DEFINITELY CUT OFF A GOOD THREE, MAYBE THREE AND A HALF MINUTES...
ASH!
YOU HAVE GIVEN UP YOUR OLD FACE FOR A NEW ONE...
"THE NECRONOMICON!"
NOW, MY ARMY, YOU WILL ENTRUST YOUR SOULS TO ME. I WILL ENSURE ITS GLORIOUS IMMORTALITY...
HGK.
HNG.
SLSH
FREED FROM YOUR DECAYING BODIES, YOU ARE NO LONGER A PRISONER OF TIME OR DEAD END LIVES!
OH... SHIT.
DID YOU SEE...JUST SHLIK, AND BLUH, ALL OVER...I'M GONNA GHAK PUKE.

JOIN WITH THE NECRONOMICON AND WE WILL ADD NEW PAGES!
WE WILL REWRITE HISTORY ITSELF! IN THE NAME OF THE BOOK OF FLESH! IN THE NAME OF THE BLACK LAMP!
I AM HONORED TO BE YOUR CHOSEN ONE, MISTRESS.
HONESTLY, YOU WERE JUST CHOSEN FOR THAT SWEET BUTT AND THOSE FOREARMS, BECAUSE I'M NOT AS GOOD AT RESISTING TEMPTATION AS MY MOM WAS...
SORRY, HONEY.
HUGHK.
SHLK
KANDA!
ESTRADTA!
MANTOS!
BEMILAS!
NAT NOS VERATOS!
KANDA...
MANTOS...
KANDA...

NOPE. NOT DOING IT. I'M OUT.
EVERY TIME THE BOOK OPENS UP ONE OF THOSE BIG SUCKING HOLES, I END UP IN SOME BACKWATER HOVEL WITH A BUNCH OF APES PROCLAIMING ME THEIR THUNDER GOD. I'M SICK OF IT, I TELL YA.
MISSION OVER, BABY. LET 'EM ROOT ABOUT IN SHEEP SHIT. C'MON, LET'S HAVE SOME PIZZA AND COUCH--
HACK?
FINE. BUT THIS PARTNERSHIP IS OVER. DONE. FINIS! NO MORE HACK/ASH.
CRAZY DUMB CHICK GOT NOTHING FOR ME ANYWAY.
EXCEPT FOR THAT. AND THAT. AND DEFINITELY THAT. BUT STILL...
SIGH.

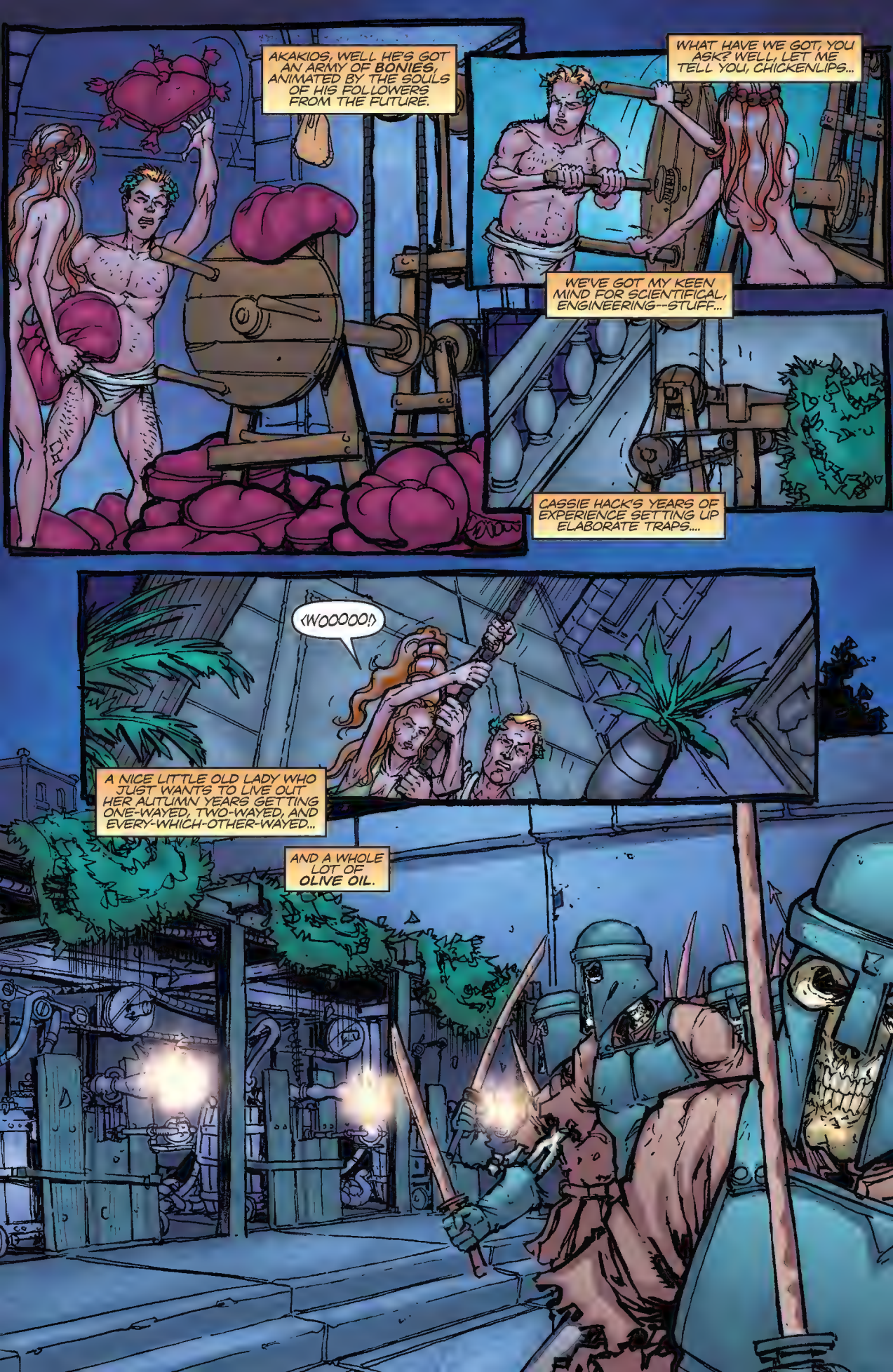
THEATRE OF DIONYSUS.
ATHENS.
AAAAAHHH!
SPLAK
MEOWR!
HACK, JUST FOLLOW MY LEAD.
UHH... HEY. ANYONE ORDER A THUNDER GOD?
YAAAAAYYY!!!

THE OWNERS OF THE THEATRE DECIDED WE OWED THEM FOR THE LION WE FLAPJACKED. AND SINCE THEY DIDN'T TAKE CREDIT CARD, WE GOT PUT UP FOR AUCTION AT THE SLAVE MARKET.
FORTUNATELY OR UNFORTUNATELY FOR US, WE GOT PICKED UP BY THIS CHICK, SCYLLA.
FORTUNATELY, BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T MAKE US FIGHT HIPPOTOMI.
UNFORTUNATELY, BECAUSE SHE WAS A LONELY WIDOW WHO GOT RICH OFF OLIVES. AND SHE HAD LOTS OF OLIVE OIL.
PRETTY QUICK, CASSIE REALIZED WHAT THE BOOK WAS AFTER, AND SHE TALKED THE OLD BROAD INTO HELPING HER SAVE THE WORLD.
OF COURSE, SHE FIGURED OUT A WAY TO INCORPORATE MY VAST EXPERIENCE WITH ENGINEERING, CHEMISTRY, AND THE ART OF WAR, NOT TO MENTION MY TALENTS IN OTHER DEPARTMENTS.
ALL IN ALL, IT WASN'T A BAD WAY TO SPEND A COUPLE OF MONTHS IN THE HELLENISTIC PERIOD.
I LOVE YOU, MARGARET.
ALTHOUGH, I THINK HACK MAYBE MISSED HER STATUE COLLECTION.

(SORRY, OBSTRUCTING MY VIEW...)
HACK!
I THINK THE LITTLE FISHIES ARE TAKING THE BAIT.
(IS AS YOU SAY)...
..."GAME ON!?"
SEE, HACK REALIZED THAT THE PEOPLE SELLING PAGES OF THE NECRONOMICON TO FUND THEIR LITTLE PROJECT WERE FORMER MEMBERS OF A CULT CALLED THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY...
...WHO FOLLOWED THE TEACHINGS OF AN ANCIENT GREEK ALCHEMIST NAMED AKAKIOS. A GUY THAT JUST HAPPENED TO BE ACTIVE IN THIS PARTICULAR TIME PERIOD.
AKAKIOS' EXPERIMENTS CREATED THE "PALADINS;" THE "SLASHERS" HACK HAD SPENT THE LAST FEW YEARS OF HER LIFE ICEBOXING. EVENTUALLY BECOMING AN UNDYING SLASHER HIMSELF, AKAKIOS HAD SURVIVED INTO THE MODERN ERA, AND WAS A CONSTANT MONKEY ON HER PALE, SCARRED BACK.
BUT THE REAL ANGER-CHERRY ON THE HATE-CAKE?
IT WAS AKAKIOS WHO KILLED CASSIE'S PARTNER, VLAD.

‹BACCHANALIANS! CHILDREN OF DIONYSUS!›
FWOOMF
FWOOMF
FWOOMF
FWOOMF
FWOOMF
FWOOMF
‹WE STAND IN THE LIGHT OF A FLAME VISIBLE ONLY TO THE MORALLY SUPERIOR, AND MY EYES CAN SEE CLEARLY...›
‹THAT YOUR DEBAUCHERIES HAVE TAINTED THIS LAND FOR TOO LONG.›
‹YOU HAVE MADE THIS WORLD A DEN OF SINNERS. YOU HAVE MADE IT HELL!›
‹OH MAN, THIS IS SO MUCH BETTER THAN WHAT I USUALLY DO ON TUESDAY NIGHTS.›
‹I KNOW, RIGHT!?›
‹THE NECRONOMICON TELLS ME WHAT IS DONE IN HELL. SINNERS ARE SHACKLED, PUNISHED...›

(AND TORMENTED BY DEMONS!)
SEE, AKAKIOS THINKS THERE ARE TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE...THE INTELLECTUALLY AND MORALLY SUPERIOR...
AND THE SHIT ON THE BOTTOM OF YOUR SHOE.
KEEP IT IN YOUR PANTS, HACK.
CASSIE, BEING THE SMART LITTLE BAD ASS THAT SHE IS, FIGURED THE REMAINS OF HIS CULT IN OUR TIME WOULD WANT TO ENSURE HIS SUCCESS HERE IN THIS ERA...
(WAAAA!!!T...)
SO SHE CONVINCED SCYLLA TO THROW THE BIGGEST FREAK-FEST ATHENS HAD EVER SEEN TO GIVE AKAKIOS THE PERFECT TARGET FOR HIS DEBUT...
(NOW, PERVERTS.
NOW!)


AKAKIOS, WELL HE'S GOT AN ARMY OF BONIES, ANIMATED BY THE SOULS OF HIS FOLLOWERS FROM THE FUTURE.
WHAT HAVE WE GOT, YOU ASK? WELL, LET ME TELL YOU, CHICKENLIPS...
WE'VE GOT MY KEEN MIND FOR SCIENTIFICAL, ENGINEERING--STUFF...
CASSIE HACK'S YEARS OF EXPERIENCE SETTING UP ELABORATE TRAPS....
(WOOOOO!)
A NICE LITTLE OLD LADY WHO JUST WANTS TO LIVE OUT HER AUTUMN YEARS GETTING ONE-WAYED, TWO-WAYED, AND EVERY-WHICH-OTHER-WAYED...
AND A WHOLE LOT OF OLIVE OIL.

FWOOMP
AAAHHHH!
AAIIGHK!
NOOOO!
YEAH, OLIVE OIL IS FLAMMABLE. THE UNREFINED VARIETY WITH A HIGH FAT CONTENT GOES UP AT ABOUT 600° F, EVEN A LITTLE LOWER IF IT'S AERATED.
TRUST ME...HAD A CLEAN UP IN AISLE FIVE GO HORRIBLY AWRY ONCE. SORRY ABOUT THOSE EYEBROWS, LONNIE BUDZINSKI.

(THEY'RE SOFTENED UP! NOW!)
WHAT, YOU THINK A GUY WHO BUILT A FULLY FUNCTIONAL METAL HAND IN MEDIEVAL ENGLAND COULDN'T CONCOCT SEX TOY/GUNS IN ANCIENT GREECE?
COME ON, GIMME SOME CREDIT.
(NO. NO!)
I ASSUME YOU DON'T NEED ME TO TRANSLATE THAT--
CASSIE?

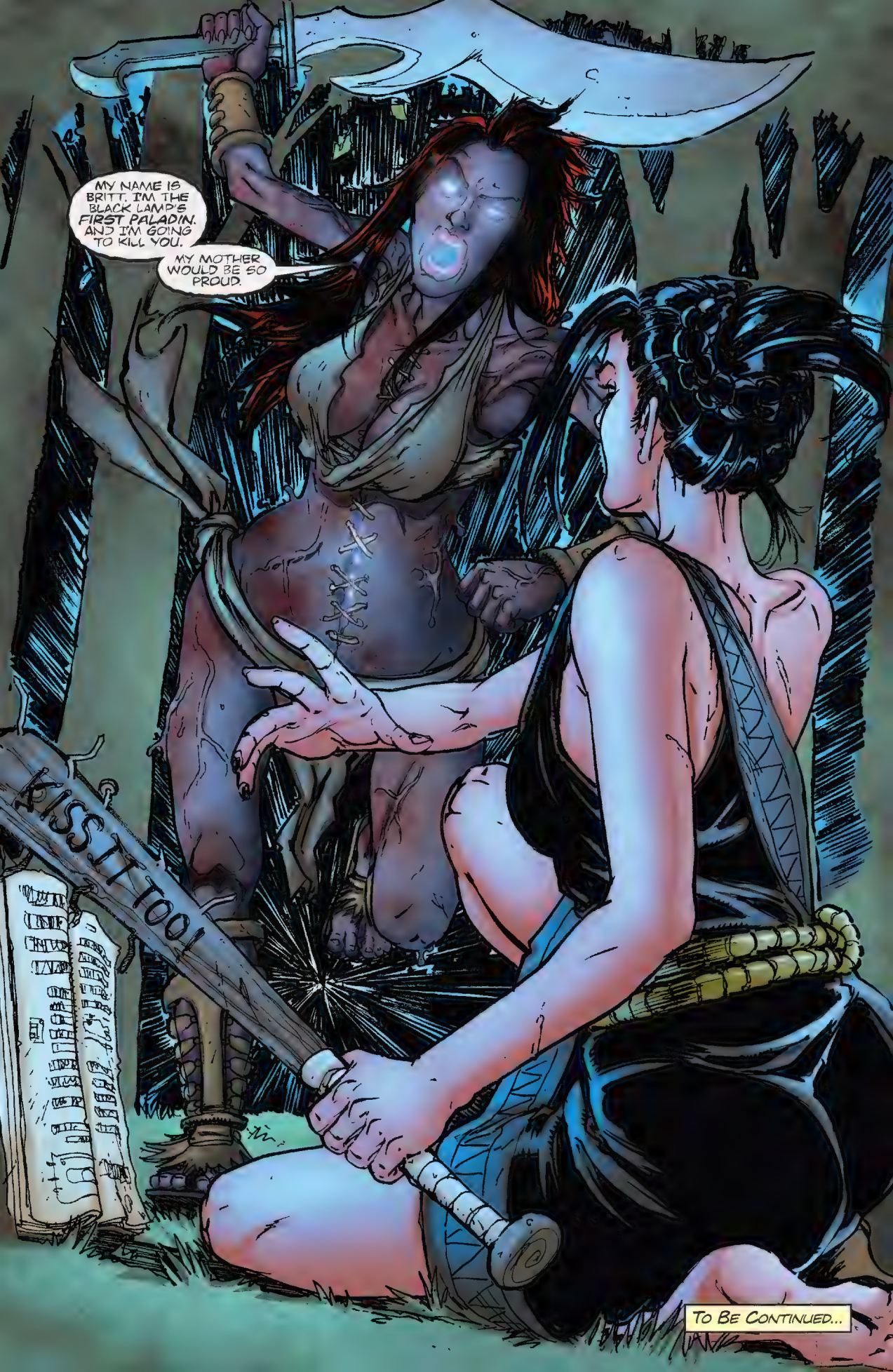
AKAKIOS!
KRAK
HNGH!
I KNOW YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND ME, YOU PIECE OF SHIT. BUT I WANT YOU TO LISTEN ANYWAY...
<NO. NO. IT WAS THE WOMAN...>
LISTEN!
RNCH
UNGHK!

YOU CREATED THE SLASHERS. YOU POISONED MY MOTHER. MADE HER INSANE. YOU SEDUCED ME, AND THEN BETRAYED ME...
YOU TOOK EVERYTHING FROM ME!
YOU KILLED MY BEST FRIEND!
FWOOSH
THAT'S ENOUGH!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
WHAT I CAME HERE TO DO! TO KILL HIM!
KILL AKAKIOS? YOU CAN'T KILL HIM! HE LIVES INTO THE PRESENT DAY, RIGHT? CASSIE, IF YOU KILL HIM, YOU'LL CHANGE TIME!
LET ME GO, ASH! RIGHT GODDAMN NOW! HE'S GETTING AWAY!
IF YOU CHANGE TIME, WHO KNOWS WHAT THE EFFECT WILL BE?
IF HE DOESN'T CREATE HIS "PALADIN" BLOODLINE OR WHATEVER YOU CALLED IT, YOU WON'T EVEN BE BORN!
THE NECRONOMICON WOULDN'T LET YOU BACK THROUGH TIME TO CHANGE THINGS FOR THE BETTER! IT'S PURE DEMONIC EVIL! YOU HAVE TO TRUST ME, CASSIE!
WHY?! WHY THE HELL SHOULD I TRUST YOU?!
BECAUSE... I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU.

WOK
UNH!
KRAK
RIGHT THEN, AS I CHEW ON MY OWN TEETH, I THINK OF THE GUARD IN THE PRISON, WHEN CASSIE AND I BROKE INTO TO FIND BAD MAHESH.
HE WAS A PATHETIC, MIDDLE-AGED LOSER, WHO THREW ALL CAUTION TO THE WIND WHEN A HOT YOUNG GIRL WALKED IN, EVERYTHING ABOUT HER SCREAMING "DAMAGED GOODS"...
HE LET HIMSELF BE BLINDED BY HER FLIRTATIONS, HER LIGHT TOUCH, THAT SMILE SHE DOES WHEN SHE LOOKS BACK OVER HER SHOULDER THAT SAYS "I ACT LIKE I DON'T KNOW I'M PURE SEX IN SHORT SKIRT...BUT, REALLY WHO'M I KIDDIN'?"

I THINK OF HIM, BECAUSE THAT PATHETIC, MIDDLE-AGED LOSER IS JUST LIKE ME: ASHLEY J. WILLIAMS, WHO FELL INTO ONE OF THE MANY ELBAORATE TRAPS OF CASSIE HACK.
WHERE THE HELL IS IT?! WHERE...
CASSIE HACK, WHO PRETENDED TO SEARCH THE INTERNET FOR CERAMIC ANGELS TO KEEP HER GIRLFRIEND OFF HER TRAIL, WHEN SHE WAS REALLY LOOKING FOR LEGENDARY ARTIFACTS, SPELLS... ANYTHING...
KANDA! ESTRADTA! MANTOS! BEMILAS!
AND WHEN SHE HEARD THE WORD NECRONOMICON SHE KNEW WHAT IT WAS. WHAT IT COULD DO. HOW IT COULD BRING BACK THE ONLY THING SHE'D EVER REALLY LOVED.
VLAD.
THAT SOUNDS FAMILIAR..
BUT, THEN MOST EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU SEEMS FAMILIAR, CASSIE HACK...
OVERBEARING MOTHER. ALWAYS TRYING TO CRAWL OUT FROM UNDER HER SHADOW..
TOTAL AFFECTION FOR BLOODY, MURDEROUS MAYHEM..
IT'S A PLEASURE TO FINALLY MEET YOU.


MY NAME IS BRITT. I'M THE BLACK LAMP'S FIRST PALADIN. AND I'M GOING TO KILL YOU.
MY MOTHER WOULD BE SO PROUD.
KISS IT TOO!
TO BE CONTINUED...

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I ONLY HAVE A FRACTION OF A SECOND TO THINK THIS THROUGH.
BRITT CILENTO, THE DAUGHTER OF ONE OF THE LEADERS OF THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY BACK IN MY TIME.
NOW A FRESH-OUT-OF-THE-HELL-OVEN SLASHER IN 190 BC.
COMING IN SLOPPY, ALL ANGER WITHOUT SKILL OR FINESSE. BUT, WITH PLENTY OF EVIL JUICE ENHANCED SPEED TO MAKE UP FOR IT.
HNGH!
GOING TO HAVE TO MAKE A SACRIFICE. LET HER GET FIRST BLOOD.
SLK
BUT I'VE DONE THIS BEFORE. AND I KNOW THAT MAKING THE RIGHT SACRIFICE--

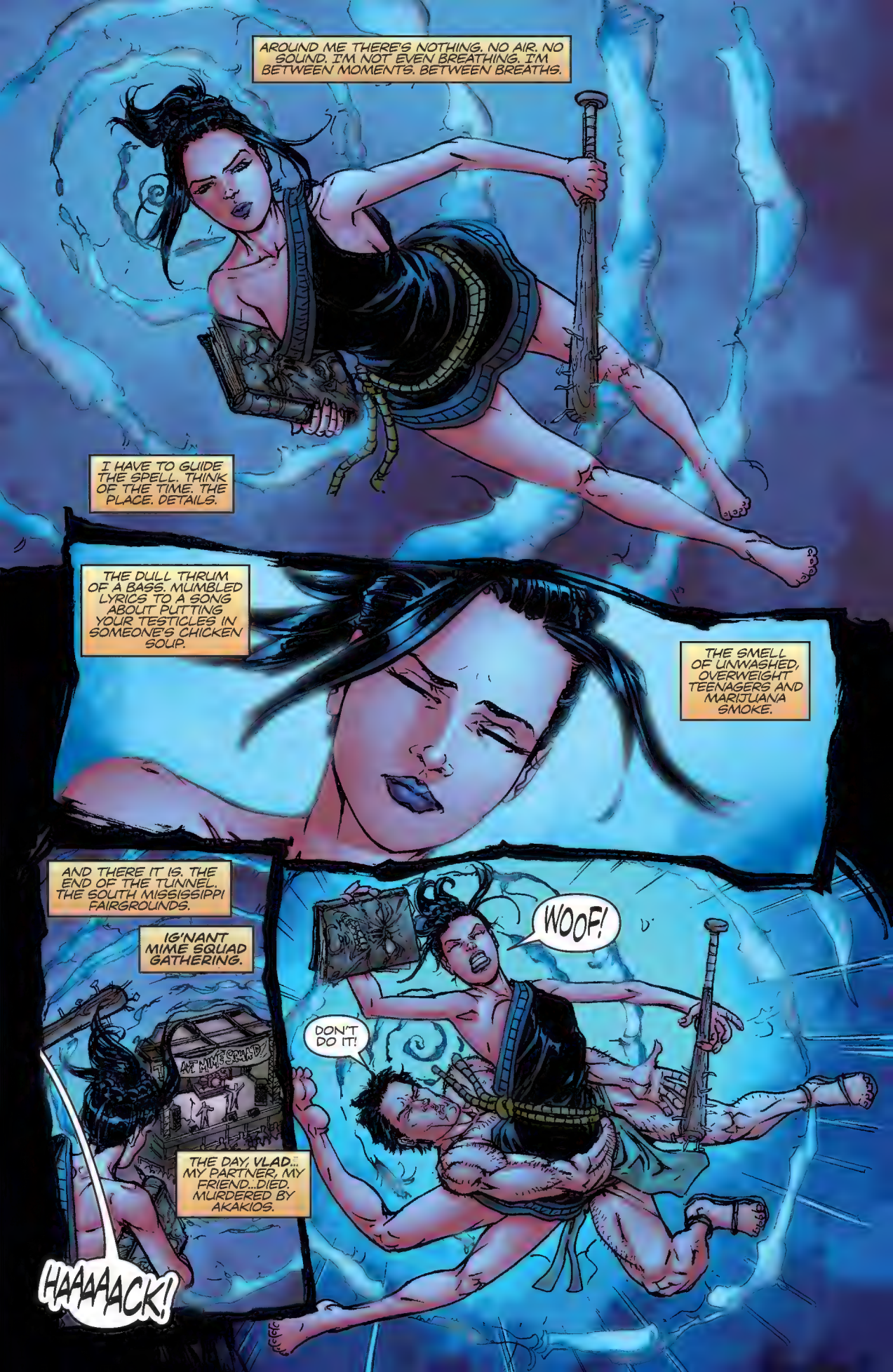
--CAN GET ME EXACTLY WHAT I WANT.
TUNK
LIKE THE NECRONOMICON, AN ANCIENT BOOK, BOUND IN HUMAN FLESH AND INKED IN BLOOD. THIS TEXT CONTAINS PROPHECIES, FUNERARY INCANTATIONS, AND...A FRIGGIN' TIME-TRAVEL SPELL. YEAH, NO SHIT.
I WANTED IT. I MADE SACRIFICES TO GET IT.
SPLOOK
I LEFT MY GIRLFRIEND AND OUR DAUGHTER. I FOUGHT EVIL CLONES, WITCHES, G.I.JOE GUYS FROM HELL...
GUH!
...AND SOME KIND OF ZOMBIE-DEMON HYBRID, WHICH IS NOT, IN FACT, CALLED A ZEMON OR A DOMBIE. THE CORRECT TERM IS "DEADITE" ACCORDING TO ASH...
CRAK
ASH.

ASH IS A FELLOW HORROR-HUNTER WHO'D ENCOUNTERED THE NECRONOMICON AND ITS UNIQUE VARIETY OF SOUL-SUCKING MALEVOLENCE A BUNCH OF TIMES OVER THE YEARS...
WE BECAME RELUCTANT ALLIES. WE "TEAMED UP" AND "CROSSED OVER" IN THE PARLANCE OF OUR OCCUPATION.
BUT THEN...I LET HIM GET CLOSE. SEDUCED HIM. MADE HIM BLINDLY TRUST ME.
AND WHEN WE FOUND THE BOOK...
I TOOK IT. I LEFT HIM IN AN OLIVE GARDEN (NOT THE KIND WITH UNLIMITED BREADSTICKS) PROMISING MYSELF THAT IF I SURVIVED, I'D COME BACK AND GET HIM.
ASHLEY J. WILLIAMS. HUMAN SACRIFICE.
HRNK. HA..HAHA. YOU RESISTED THIS? BECOMING A PALADIN? YOU DUMB BITCH!
SO MUCH POWER! SO LITTLE PAIN! THIS IS FUCKING AWESOME!
OLD FRED NIETZSCHE SAID, "WHOEVER FIGHTS MONSTERS SHOULD SEE TO IT THAT IN THE PROCESS HE DOES NOT BECOME A MONSTER."
BUT THE THING THE NEECH DIDN'T KNOW IS THAT THE ONLY KIND OF PEOPLE WHO WANT TO FIGHT MONSTERS...
...WERE MONSTERS TO BEGIN WITH.

HNH. C'MON BOYS. IF YOU DON'T COME OUT OF THE KIDNEY BUNKERS, WE CAN'T RETURN TO THE FRONTLINES...
HACK.
LITTLE ASH SUPPORT CREW! YOU WILL RETURN TO HANGDOWN DUTY IMMEDIATELY! WE'VE GOT A PORTAL TO CATCH!
DAMN IT!! TOO SMALL!
HONESTLY, ASH-BATCH, YOU DESERVE THIS. WAKING UP NEXT TO WALLEYED WENDY FROM ELECTONICS?
THAT'S THE KINDA TROUBLE I EXPECT YOU GUYS TO GET ME INTO, BUT THIS...
I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME THROUGH THIS TINY TUNNEL, NECRONOMICON.
I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I AM SO GLAD YOU HAVE A FACE I CAN PUNCH YOU IN. YOU AIN'T GETTIN' THE LAST LAUGH TODAY.
SEE, I KNOW YOU PRETTY WELL. IT WAS BOUND TO HAPPEN WHAT WITH HOW MUCH TIME WE'VE SPENT TOGETHER OVER THE YEARS.

SURE, IT'S MOSTLY YOU TRYING TO KILL ME WITH SCREAMING MONSTERS, AND ME TRYING TO STUFF YOU INTO A WOOD CHIPPER. BUT WE'VE HAD OUR INTIMATE MOMENTS. STOLEN GLANCES. SOFT TOUCHES...
OH, AND THAT ROMANTIC EVENING WHEN YOU SENT A KANDARIAN DEMON TO POSSESS ME AND INVADE EVERY PART OF MY BEING WITH ITS EVIL.
I MANAGED TO SHAKE MOST OF IT OFF, SEE, BUT ONCE IT GOT INTO MY HAND...
WELL, THAT WAS AN INFECTION THAT NOT EVEN A DOSE OF CHAINSAW-ANTIBIOTICS WAS GONNA SHAKE.
HRAAAIGH!
MAYBE MY FLESHIE PARTS CAN'T TOUCH THE TUNNEL, BUT YOU LEFT ME A SINISTER LITTLE SOUVEN--
OH NO YOU DON'T, RIGHTIE!
YOU WORK FOR ME NOW! AND SINCE LEFTIE HAS TO PUSH MOPS AND GIVE HIGH FIVES AND...WELL, I KEEP HIM REAL BUSY IS ALL...

SO YOU'VE GOT A LOT TOO MAKE...UNGH... UP FOR!
YEAH. OPEN REAL WIDE FOR A HEAPING SPOONFUL OF CHOSEN ONE...
HNGH... AND DON'T FORGET A SIDE OF "DARK AGES ROBO-FIST"...
AW NO. NO NO. THIS HERE'S A SINGLE OCCUPANCY TUNNEL, BABY--
CASSIE DIES FOR MY MOTHER.
OONF!
YOU DIE FOR THE NECRONOMICON


AROUND ME THERE'S NOTHING. NO AIR. NO SOUND. I'M NOT EVEN BREATHING. I'M BETWEEN MOMENTS. BETWEEN BREATHS.
I HAVE TO GUIDE THE SPELL. THINK OF THE TIME. THE PLACE. DETAILS.
THE DULL THRUM OF A BASS. MUMBLED LYRICS TO A SONG ABOUT PUTTING YOUR TESTICLES IN SOMEONE'S CHICKEN SOUP.
THE SMELL OF UNWASHED, OVERWEIGHT TEENAGERS AND MARIJUANA SMOKE.
AND THERE IT IS. THE END OF THE TUNNEL. THE SOUTH MISSISSIPPI FAIRGROUNDS.
IG'NANT MIME SQUAD GATHERING.
THE DAY, VLAD... MY PARTNER, MY FRIEND...DIED. MURDERED BY AKAKIOS.
HAAAAACK!
WOOF!
DON'T DO IT!

CHOSEN ONE! YOU'VE RETURNED--AH, NEVER THEE MIND!

TRUST ME, CASSIE, YOU DON'T WANT TO DO THIS!

LET ME GO, ASH. YOU DON'T FUCKING UNDERSTAND, AND YOU NEVER WILL!

WHAT THE--

GUH!

BEST PAY ATTENTION, SAM!

BLAM

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT KIND OF DEMONS YOU SUMMON, CLAW, YOU'LL NEVER DEFEAT THE NIGHTMARE-'DEVIL TEAM!

HEY! DON'T FORGET SLEEPY!

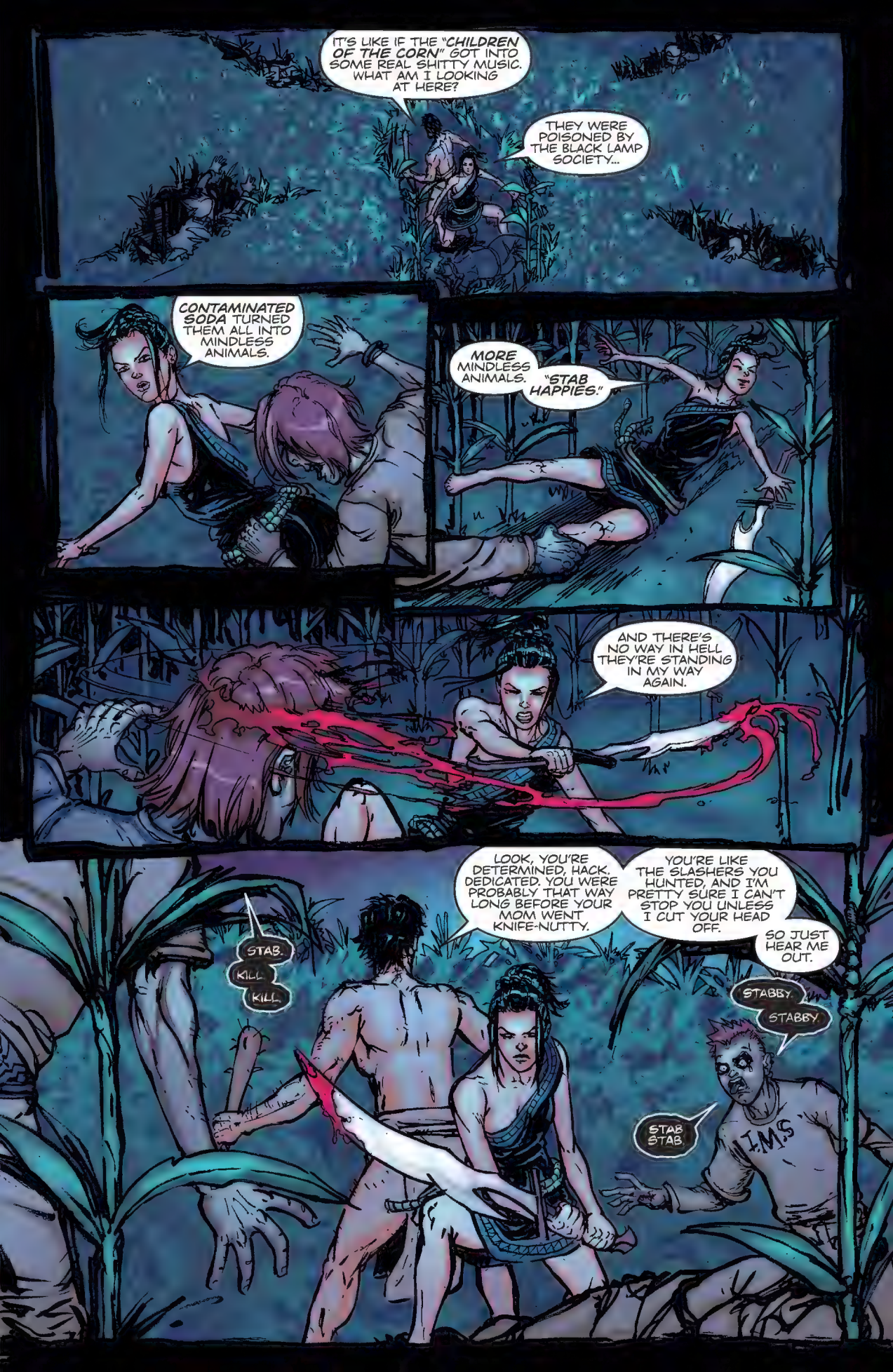
IT DOESN'T MATTER WHERE YOU GO. I'VE SPENT A LIFETIME TRYING TO MAKE MY MOTHER PROUD OF ME AND FAILING.
CASS-- AGHK!
SLSH
I'VE GOT AN ETERNITY TO MAKE UP FOR IT!
YOU. THE NECRONOMICON KNEW YOU'D COME.
AND IT WASN'T EVEN A BIT WORRIED.
KRAK
YOU'VE DEDICATED YOUR WHOLE LIFE TO SOMETHING, AND AMOUNTED TO ABSOLUTELY NOTHING.
NO ONE EVEN CARES ENOUGH TO SAVE YOU. YOU'RE ALONE.
WOLF.

YOU MEANT "A LONE WOLF."
SPLUK
AAGHHH!!
C'MON ASH.
BOOM SHALAKA LAKA--
BOOM

JUST STAY HERE.
BUT MOMMY I DON'T WANT TO MISS THE STOOGES...
I'LL COME BACK FOR YOU. I PROMISE. I OWE YOU--
KRAK
NO CASSIE, ACTUALLY I OWE YOU
I KNOW WHERE WE ARE. THE NIGHT OF THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY'S BIGGEST DEFEAT. BEATEN BY YOU AND A BUNCH OF MODERN DAY BACCHANALIANS.
AHH,
FFUUUH...
THIS WAS MY BACK UP. IF I COULDN'T HELP AKAKIOS IN GREECE, I WAS GOING TO COME HERE..
I WAS GOING TO KILL YOU AND ENSURE THE BLACK LAMP'S VICTORY AND LOOK AT WHERE WE ARE.
DO YOU BELIEVE IN FATE, CASSIE HACK?
IN THE WILL OF MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL SUPERIORITY? IN INEVITABILITY?
IN GETTING WHAT YOU DESERVE?

SHRAK
KISS IT GOOD
SHIT!
WHICH SLASHER WAS THAT?
IT DOES NOT MATTER. ONLY THAT IT IS IN MANY PIECES.
WOAH.
AND THAT WE FIND CASSANDRA.
HMMPH!

GET OFF ME!
VLAD!
VLAD!!
OH GOD, VLAAAD!
GAH, THE FUCKING MUSIC IS TOO LOUD. GOD DAMN IG'NANT MIME SQUAD!
I'M GOING AFTER HIM. YOU CAN TRY TO STOP ME. I DON'T RECOMMEND IT.
KILL!
STAB!
STAAAAAB!!
STAB!
STAB!
STAB!!
HNGH...
JEEZ, SO THIS IS WHAT VIDEO GAMES DO TO THE KIDS.
KRAK


IT'S LIKE IF THE "CHILDREN OF THE CORN" GOT INTO SOME REAL SHITTY MUSIC. WHAT AM I LOOKING AT HERE?
THEY WERE POISONED BY THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY...
CONTAMINATED SODA TURNED THEM ALL INTO MINDLESS ANIMALS.
MORE MINDLESS ANIMALS.
"STAB HAPPIES."
AND THERE'S NO WAY IN HELL THEY'RE STANDING IN MY WAY AGAIN.
LOOK, YOU'RE DETERMINED, HACK. DEDICATED. YOU WERE PROBABLY THAT WAY LONG BEFORE YOUR MOM WENT KNIFE-NUTTY.
YOU'RE LIKE THE SLASHERS YOU HUNTED, AND I'M PRETTY SURE I CAN'T STOP YOU UNLESS I CUT YOUR HEAD OFF.
SO JUST HEAR ME OUT.
STAB.
KILL
KILL
STABBY
STABBY
STAB STAB
I.M.S

YOU CAN'T CHANGE WHAT HAPPENED. NOT THE WAY YOU THINK. THERE ARE GOING TO BE CONSEQUENCES.
POK
OW. FORGOT THERE WASN'T A CHAINSAW ON THERE.
ANYWAY, NO MATTER HOW MUCH GOOD YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING, IT WON'T BE WORTH IT.
VLAD LOVED ME. AND ALL IT EVER BROUGHT HIM WAS PAIN, REJECTION AND DEATH.
KILL!
I'M GOING TO MAKE IT RIGHT, ASH. YOU CAN SAVE YOUR BREATH. I'M NOT YOUR PARTNER. I'M NOT YOUR GIRLFRIEND.
KI--
--IK!
YOU CAN ADMIT IT... ALL YOU CARE ABOUT IS YOURSELF. YOUR EGO. YOUR OWN PLEASURE. BEING RIGHT. BEING THE HERO.
YOU'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND.
HA. THAT'S GOOD, HACK. REAL KNEE-SLAPPIN' GOOD.

YOU DON'T THINK I'VE BEEN WHERE YOU ARE? THAT I DIDN'T TAKE THAT SPELL, AND FIGURE I COULD MAKE THINGS BETTER? HONEY, I'VE GOT A FREQUENT TIME TRAVELER CARD.
I STOPPED LINDA FROM GOING TO THE CABIN. SAVED CAROLINE BEFORE SHE GOT DONE WITH THE MACHETE. KEPT ALLISON FROM GETTING BIT.
TOLD MY MOM ABOUT THE CANCER SO SHE COULD GET EARLY TREATMENT.
BUT WHEN I GOT BACK, THERE WERE RIPPLES. AND SOONER OR LATER NEW THINGS CAME UP.
A CAR ACCIDENT. A BAD BREAK UP. A GIANT WORLD EATING TYRANT FROM SPACE. ALZHEIMER'S.
I MADE A WHOLE MULTIVERSE OF BAD DECISIONS.
SEE, AT A CERTAIN POINT, YOU'RE LOOKING AT THAT PAGE, AND YOU'RE THINKING, "HOW MANY THINGS AM I WILLING TO CHANGE BEFORE I GET IT RIGHT? WHAT'S "RIGHT?"
LOOK, MAYBE YOU'RE READY FOR THAT. BUT ALL THOSE RIPPLES, HACK... THEY DON'T DISAPPEAR BEFORE THEY MOVE OTHER THINGS INTO A NEW PLACE.
WHAT IF SAVING VLAD CHANGES SOMETHING ELSE? WHAT IF IT MEANS YOU DON'T BEAT AKAKIOS?
WHAT IF HIM LIVING MEANS YOU DON'T GET TO BE WITH MARGARET? DON'T ADOPT SANDRA?

"YOU AND ME, WE STOPPED AKAKIOS. FLUSHED THOSE BLACK LAMP TURDS AND THEIR ARMY OF DARKNESS.
"WE'RE DONE."
MIME SQUAD

VLAD DIED FOR YOU.
THAT WAS HIM TELLING YOU HOW IMPORTANT YOU WERE TO HIM.
NOW, GO BACK TO THOSE PEOPLE YOU FOUGHT FOR. WHO YOU WOULD DIE FOR.
THAT'S AS GOOD AS IT GETS.
IT'S NEVER "RIGHT," HACK.
AT BEST, IT'S JUST "LIFE."

SERIOUSLY, YOU HAVE TO TAKE HALF. IF I KEEP EATING LIKE THIS, I'LL BE BIG ENOUGH TO BE BOTH MOMMY 1 AND MOMMY 2.
OH...ARE YOU OKAY, CASSIE?
DO YOU... WE CAN GO HOME.
NO. I'M FINE, BABY. IN FACT, MAYBE AFTER THIS WE SHOULD GO SEE THAT MOVIE YOU WANTED TO SEE. WITH YOUR MAN, DENZEL. MAYBE WE CAN SEE THE LATE SHOW.
I AM SO GOING TO SQUEE. ARE YOU SURE? WITH SANNY--
IT'S OKAY...

"WE'VE GOT A GOOD BABYSITTER."
ALRIGHT, CARROT HEAD, WE BEST GET YOU TO SLEEP.
UNKOO ASH.
HEY, BEING CUTE AIN'T GONNA WORK ON ME. I DO WHAT I'M TOLD, BECAUSE MOMMY 2 CAN HIT LIKE MIKE TYSON IN A SKIRT AND FISHNETS.
WELL... MAYBE ONE MORE THING. WHAT DOES UNCLE ASH SAY TO ALL THE HONEYS?
GIMMESUM SHUGO.
THAT'S MY GIRL.
HOW WAS SHE?
PRETTY GOOD. HARDLY SPENT ANY OF THE EVENING ON FIRE, AND EVEN LESS OF IT EXPLODING.
THANKS, ASH, I'LL GO CHECK ON HER.
YOU AREN'T COMING BACK, ARE YOU?

I GOTTA TAKE THE BOOK SOMEWHERE...
ANYWHERE BUT A NICE PLACE LIKE THIS. AND THEN...WELL, THERE'S SCREAMING AND RUNNING AND CHOPPING TO BE DONE.
BUT I APPRECIATE YOU AND MARGIE LETTIN' ME CRASH.
SAY... UH, DOES SHE KNOW ABOUT... Y'KNOW?
NO. IT WASN'T... I DID IT FOR REASONS THAT...
LOOK, I'M... SORRY. SORRY I USED YOU.
YOU CAN MAKE IT UP TO ME BY NEVER LETTING THAT ONE GO, Y'HEAR ME?
AND, IF YOU EVER DECIDE TO MAKE A REVERSE OREO, YOU CALL ME FIRST.
SIGH. GOODBYE, ASH.
OH, HEY!
I ALMOST FORGOT.
SEE, I WAS LOOKING AT YOUR ANGEL COLLECTION, AND IT'S PRETTY COMPLETE, BUT YOU'RE MISSING ONE REAL IMPORTANT OCCUPATION...
SO I MADE YA A KING.
THE END